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The reign of the Prince of peace.



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THE REIGN OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE

*"For the Earth shall be filled with the knowledge of
THE GLORY OF JEHOVAH
as the waters cover the sea."
... "And the Earth was full of HIS Praise."*

BY

RICHARD HAYES McCARTNEY

Author of "The Coming of The King," "That Jew,"
"The Lady of Nations," "Songs in the Waiting,"
"The Imperial," "The Anti-Christ,"
"The Whip of God," Etc.



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FRANCES SWEETMAN HAYES MCCARTNEY MORSE

TO
Frances Sweetman Hayes McCartney
MY MOTHER

*Thou! from whose lips the first I learned to know
JEHOVAH CHRIST HIS Blessings would bestow
Upon this Earth, when HE came back to Reign;
The even now, with fifty years between,
To my mind's eye the picture still is seen—
Of That Sweet Tender One oppressed by pain,
Her arms around Son's neck—the gentle tone,
The Mother tone—the sweetest ever known
To hearing of the ears—(to hear it now—
The fingers frail, to linger on the brow
With such a touch), aye, was she then aware
Her fingers ne'er again stray in boy's hair—
The eyes of love as hunger for boy's face—
The Mother and the Son in close embrace—
And her words falling as reviving rain
To stunted sapling—(never heard again:)
“When thou wert young all gazers said, ‘How frail,
He ne'er can weather life's incessant gale,
His bark will founder e'er the ocean reach.’
And tho I loved thee, I did not beseech
Thy Life of HIM if thou would go astray
When manhood crowned; and this my wish to-day.
As thou wert as it were given from the grave,
(Where oft' I thought the daisied grass would blow
O'er a wee mound but Mother heart would know,)*

*That thou wouldst trust in CHRIST He alone can save
So to HIS keeping now I do commit—
See, that thou lovest The Most Holy Writ—
So be a Strong one."*

*Now how soon to meet—
She listening for the coming of my feet—
And, lo, the meeting time is close at hand—
Perchance, more near than now I understand:
But after HIS—the first face I shall see
No longer pale, no shadows under eyes,
But a Great Lady of Sweet Majesty—
For she so long a dweller in the skies
Beholding HIM, shall have a regal grace—
But to mine eyes the old familiar face:
And then, as long ago, my wanton place
When she is seated for the old embrace,
Kneeling at side, my arms across her lap—
Where oft' times long ago she stories told—
But now I come a man with manhood's sap
In every vein—but not a victor bold:
"Oh Mother, Failure marreth all life's way!"*

With fingers in gray hair, her lips will say:

*"CHRIST has forgiven thee—so of failures dumb—
For, O My Little Boy, so glad that thou hast come."*

PREFACE

I sing with joy the Age of Gold
That Prophets and Apostles told
Should dawn upon the Human Race
When THE LORD CHRIST, from Heavenly Place,
Came back, in Glorious Majesty,
To change the Sky, the Earth and Sea,
To lift the curse from human kind,
To show the sweet Love of HIS mind,
To make the World a happy place
Without a single barren space,
To give to labor, and to toil
The Blessings of a fruitful soil,
To lift Sin's curse from everything
And make the Earth indeed to sing!

The Golden Age—with joy I try
To bring to heart, to brain, to eye,
By words a picture of such Earth—
Its laughter, fruitfulness and mirth,
The ever more abiding peace,
Where songs of gladness never cease,
A glad creation—everything
Smiling in sunshine of THE KING!

To me it is most pleasing task
In such Realities to bask,
How oft' such thoughts have soothed mind
When days of life seemed all unkind,

When sorrow sounded deeper note,
And clouds of trouble seemed to float
With a depression o'er my head,
Surely 'twas my good angel led
My mind to think on Golden Age.
Rich comfort from Jehovah's Page
Of the great Glory soon to be!
And as such dreams have strengthen'd me,
Perchance, if I sing, that my strain
May fall upon some aching brain
Who shall take heart, and go life's way.
Upon THE CHRIST Sin's burden lay—
Believing CHRIST's Life Blood alone
For past—and Future Sins atone!
From Sin and Death but one redress
THE CHRIST shed blood and Righteousness,
Salvation, a Free Gift to men,
A Royal Gift—that none can win—
Lo, Christ alone the boon can give—
Men only have to take and live
No human work, nor tear, nor prayer,
But simply trusting all can share
The Glories of the Golden Age—
This Hope will all Earth's woes assuage!

Then constant wishing for The Day
When Gentile Age must pass away,
The trumpet call, and we obey
The summons of THE COMING CHRIST!
To meet HIM in the upper skies—
Believers from their graves arise,
[Then those still living on the Earth,

The Both—in Resurrection birth,
With Bodies like to His all Glorious
Both over Sin and Death Victorious,
Shall meet HIM in that glorious tryst—
As Priests and Kings to reign with CHRIST!

Ah, surely 'tis a wondrous story
That e'er commenced the days of Glory—
The Passing of The Gentile Age—

How Roman Earth in foolish rage
The words in Second Psalm fulfilled,
Hatred of CHRIST in hearts instilled,
Ignoring Warnings of THE BOOK
The Kings, The Rulers counsel took
Against JEHOVAH and HIS CHRIST,
And uttered in their human thunder:

*"Come, let us break their bonds asunder
And cast away their cords from us!"*

Then Palestine the Place of tryst
Where gathering of Armies be—
And as the Prophet uttered—thus
Surely fulfillment all could see—
How CHRIST came forth in majesty—
Smote with a Word The Mighty Host
Who—"Death to Jew!" had made their boast:
For, lo, *The Plague* smote on the air
And Gentile Armies gathered there
Smitten by Plague most Horrible!
The flesh from bones shuffed off—and fell,

*The tongues were wasting in the mouth
 They could not utter word, nor shout,
 In sockets eyeballs waste away!*
 Then blinded, voiceless, comrades turned,
 Terror and fear in each heart burned—
 Then maddened fury—each sought prey—
 Comrade slew comrade in dark fray—
 The Gentile Age closed on that Day!

* * * * *

Then cleansed by Renovating Flame
 Sin's curse destroyed—The New Earth came
 In wondrous Beauty, Glory, Grace,
 To smile at CHRIST JEHOVAH's Face!
 A World of Plenty—and of Peace,
 Wars, and War's Rumors then did cease,
 No Heathen Nations—all held tryst
 Seeing and owning JESUS CHRIST!

In Joy at last the Jewish Race
 Established in their ancient Place,
 Gathered from Continent and Isle
 Basking in CHRIST's Eternal smile,
 All safe beneath THE ALMIGHTY wing—
 HE THEIR REDEEMER, LORD AND KING.

[The people who for centuries
 Was thistledown in every breeze,
 Spurned by the hate of men to roam
 Nation and People without home,
 Strangers were they in every Land,
 A mark for blows of harsh, rough hand,
 The very mire 'neath Gentile feet,

Victims of fury, hate, deceit,
A cur with tin can tied to tail
Which men as boys with laugh assail,
So kicked, and stoned—the bleeding thing
No day immuned from suffering!
A Race whose age gained no relief
The babe, the aged, meanest or chief,
Treated with insults, blows, abuse,
As men and demons were set loose
To hound to agony of Death!
And yet preserved. JEHOVAH set
A hedge as 'twere around The Race—
Brought all at last to The Home Place!

Lo, CHRIST had triumphed o'er their foes,
When Anti-Christ made deadly close
And all the World in laughing glee
To see Jew in Death's agony—
Then CHRIST came down to human sight—
Standing on Olivet's fair height,
And rescued them in Gracious Power—
Crushed Satan, Anti-Christ that hour.

And so my theme a Renewed Earth—
World steeped in Plenty, Peace, Joy, Mirth,
Surely with great delight I sing
Of Earth's REDEEMER, CHRIST THE KING!

So of The Golden Age I sing—
And to HIS feet with hope I bring
The Joy words that my Soul would say:
“LORD CHRIST, accept I humbly pray—

If THINE eyes aught amiss do see
 Forgive misstatements if there be—
 THOU knowest well I would be mute
 On any thought not of THY Truth—
 I've sought alone in Sacred Page
 For Glories of THY Golden Age."

* * * * *

*And now I feel life's work complete—
 The best song I could sing is sung—
 I lay it down at THE PIERCED FEET,
 Await the Judgment from HIS tongue!
 In youth I purposed in my heart
 I would HIS Singer be—
 And now this hope will not depart—
 "HE has accepted me!"*

The Reign of the Prince of Peace

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of
THE GLORY OF JEHOVAH
As the waters cover the sea.
And the Earth was full of HIS PRAISE."

O Land of Israel—past compare!
No land so blest, so grand, so fair,
Lo, Glory overshadowing
The Glory Land of THE GREAT KING!
O'er thee Shekinah Cloud of Light—
A Cloud by Day—a Flame by Night—
For ever full in human sight
Suspended over Zion's height.

O Ariel, City of THE KING
How glorious in thy fashioning!

And still more glorious to the gaze—
The House of Universal Praise!

Most Glorious yet—through golden haze
We see The Jewel City blaze—
City of Precious Stones—rare thing
From CHRIST'S own heart the fashioning!
The Promise of the long ago,
That parting night of tears and woe:
*"Let not your hearts be troubled so,
Lo, to Prepare A Place I go*

*And surely I will come again,
Together shall go back—therein
To dwell, most surely there with Me—
For where I am there shall ye be.”*

As Saints behold its flash and gleam
No longer 'tis a mystic's dream
That John in Patmos had beheld—
Now Saints, once skeptical, compelled
To own how vain their cold derision—
Stating with scholarly precision:
*“Such City no man shall behold,
The precious stone, the river, gold,
Of Spiritual blessings told.”*

But now in rapture as they gaze
They own All a Reality!
And in the splendor of its blaze
Surely all penitent they be,
For Palace (seen in Holy Vision)
More grand than ever was conceived!
Love its reality believed,
And now in gladsome awe behold
Its jeweled chambers as foretold,
Its stream of Life, its streets of gold,
All, all, an actuality!
Where CHRIST and Church shall ever be—
From thence the Saints go to and fro
In their love service constantly
To minister on Earth below!

Now land allotment of The Tribes
Such as Ezekiel describes—
Ranging in straight lines East to West—

So different from that possess'd
By tribes in Joshua's far day—
For now the Israelites held sway
From the Euphrates to the Sea,
(No spaces now where deserts be,)
The Great Sea, which at CHRIST's command
Had fallen back—so that new land
Stretched Westward—to the North and South
To where once flowed the Nile's proud mouth—
And from the upper Lebanon
Southward its new born glory won
To where the Red Sea waters rolled—
At last the boundaries long foretold
By GOD to Abraham stood fair
God's promise and the Land compare—
The promise, Fact, all eyes could view
Tho' slumbering long, GOD's words came true!

Dan's portion Northermost of Land—
Asher, Naphtali, Manasseh and
Then Ephraim and Reuben came—
Then Judah's Tribe of Kingly fame—
Southward from Judah's Lordly place
For Zadok's Sons a glorious space
The Prince's Portion, Zion's Hill
Rose there in Glory hearts to thrill—
With The Great Structures round about—
From Prince's Portion—running South
The Levite's dwellings and their lands,
Here dwell the Priests and Singing Bands;
Then southward still—The City Plat
There as a Queen The City sat
In her magnificence—so fair

No earthly City dare compare
 In anything—all men declare
 JEHOVAH—SHAMMAH, liveth there!
 Then portion stretched for Benjamin,
 For Simeon, and Issachar,
 For Zebulun, and Gad afar—
 A Glorious Land loved by all men!

The Table Land of Sanctuary—
 (Ah, 'twas a flawless thing to see)
 Lifted from the surrounded space
 Like mountain range of level face,
 Like a straight line across sky space,
 Rising in rare magnificence,
 Beauty to dazzle every sense,
 Flashed to the eye a rocky face
 Of cliffs, magnificent to see
 Of color and rare tracery,
 No sculptor ever had displayed
 With all the cunning of great brain,
 Nor had his chisel ever made
 Such marvelous effect—'twere vain
 To think that any human hand,
 Tho' all earth's powers at such command,
 Could shape the shafts, the columns grand,
 The capitals, the frieze, the base,
 The wildest sweep, the narrow space,
 Showing minuteness of detail
 At which the human hand would fail,
 And in abasement bend the knee!
 Most very marvelous to see
 The fretted tracery of stone;

And surely the Divine alone
 Could give the cliffs such wondrous dyes,
 For never yet had artist's eyes
 Beheld in dreams such varying tints,
 Such mass of colors, wondrous hints
 Of exquisite and rare detail—
 'Twas as mad artist did assail
 His canvas with all colors won
 From every dye beneath the sun.

The Square, and Circling Temple Place
 Set mid a fair and ample space,
 Buildings no mortal could design,
 To Prophet given by CHRIST DIVINE—
 Given when the Israelitish Race
 Was crushed and stricken to disgrace
 Each measurement on Jewish Page
 Had mystery been in every age,
 But now reality eye saw
 The Gracious Buildings without flaw
 Perfect in smallest of detail,
 The keenest eye would surely fail
 To find the slightest point amiss
 It stands—without an antithesis!

The outer building stood four square,
 (On the four corners towers most fair,)
 Each side ran full a mile in length—
 Wall twelve feet broad gave massive strength
 On which the towering arches rose
 A wonder in their grand repose,
 Lo, palm tree columns massive, rare

With sculptured tracery, so fair
That human brain could not design
The Glory of a single line—
For surely The Divine behest
Alone the human fingers blest,
And gave strange cunning to the hand
To carve and shape Divine command.
Eleven gateways pierced each side—
Each gate place seventy-five feet wide—
Gateways imperial, massive, grand,
Chambers and cellæ on each hand,
While seven steps from ground to floor.
One entering at the North, leaved Door,
Could not return—but should walk out
At doorway facing to the South.
The gateway's depth one hundred feet,
Then, lo, an open space to meet
On either hand long colonnade,
For beauty and for kindly shade,
A hundred feet the width, and then
Another building met the ken—
And as one stood between the two
Surely great splendor met the view,
Most surely all surpassing grand,
The palm tree columns on each hand
Sprang up all stately to the eyes,
Such massive things of giant size,
Shapen and carved in rare design
To blush alone from brain Divine,
As eye ran down the stately rows
Each fainter, and still fainter grows
To almost point of vanishing—

'Twere sight to gladden richest King.
And over head sprang gallery
O'er gallery—until the three
Rose to the eyes such glorious things
As they were borne aloft by wings,
And o'er, the topmost arches high
Swelled upward as to touch the sky,
Like airy fountains in their leap
Two hundred feet in upward sweep,
Arch sprang from arch in airy flight
Receding—mistlike from the sight.

Thence further in—to gazer's face
Flashed the high circling Temple Place—
Grand, massive buildings, circling round
A space most surely Holy Ground;
Lo, from the midst, in stately flight,
Stood matchless Zion's Glory height—
Most sacred spot to human eyes
Outside the Gates of Paradise!
Crowned on its top by altar place,
JEHOVAH's cloud filled upward space,
His Covering Glory full in view
That never from that spot withdrew—
A cloud by day, a flame by night,
Stood ever to the human sight
Pledge that JEHOVAH's smiling face
Could in THE CHRIST disclose His Grace
To each one of the Human Race!

In four squared Palace all may meet
A House of Prayer, for Praise, for Meat,

Where all were welcome, all were blest,
 Palace of Peace, and Joy, and Rest.
 This House of Praise sprang from its base
 Two hundred feet to topmost place,
 The four great Towers at corner each
 Fully five hundred feet did reach,
 All built of precious gems ablaze,
 Like House of Light before the gaze;
 Foundation Stones of wondrous size
 Of Sapphire blaze to meet the eyes—
 Windows of agate—and each gate
 Of flaming rich carbuncles great—
 Most costliest gems were common here,
 Richest profusion everywhere
 Of Gold and precious woods—words fail
 To tell its wonders—'twas, all hail!
 From every eye who saw its gleam
 Substantial rainbow—not a dream!
 This the House law—that all must heed—
 Entering one gate one must proceed
 Straight through The House and so go out
 From South to North, from North to South,
 For millions congregating here
 To sacrifice, for praise, for prayer,
 Would be a rabble if allowed
 To come and go as wished the crowd,
 For Order not confusion reigned,
 And perfect safety thus obtained
 From sudden rush or accident—
 This Law supreme—had no relent.

The corner towers imposing sight

Springing aloft in airy flight
Arch over arch—a glittering thing
Each fit for Palace of a King.
Lo, here the Levites courses toiled,
Here were the Sacrifices boiled
And roasted—here was baked the bread
That daily many thousands fed,
For not a person came to Praise
But of this Royal Lounty shares ;
The City thirty miles away
From where the thousands came each day ;
And often millions, that adored,
Were seated daily at His board ;
Each day some men of Princely Fame
To give HIM Honor humbly came
To represent their land or tribe,
To HIM their Glory to ascribe ;
For not a Nation anywhere
But once a year must here appear
To render homage, gifts and prayer.
Hunger obnoxious to God's sight
Man was created CHRIST's Delight—
HE who created appetite
Knew Nature's cravings—then should HE
Leave fainting, tired Humanity
Go hungry from His house and feel
HE was all careless of their weal ;
Body as well as Soul was fed,
(Tho' HE for Souls The Living Bread,)
So for each comer who came here
This Royal House had Princely cheer.
Lo, men from every clime came here

For not a Nation anywhere
 But came to worship at this shrine,
 Acknowledging THE CHRIST DIVINE
 That THE ETERNAL RULER HE—
 THE PRESENCE OF THE TRINITY!

And it was certain Death to choose
 Should any Nation dare refuse
 To send their great men every year,
 The Law was short, but crisp and clear,
 The Risen Saints with outstretched hand
 Held back the rain—drought cursed that land!
 And should proud Egypt dare to boast
 They held the rain at little cost,
 And would not honor Zion's shrine,
 Then surely fell the curse Divine—
The wasting of the flesh and bone
 Of those who would CHRIST'S Rule disown!

At the South gates the Levites stand
 To take Gifts from the willing hand
 Of those who came to worship here,
 All the first fruits—the corn in ear—
 First of the dough, and wine, and oil,
 All the glad gifts that came from toil
 Of the Blest Earth—men gladly bring
 An offering to their Blessing King.
 The first fruits of the flock, the herd,
 The dove, the pigeon, and such bird
 That Moses had pronounced was clean.
 And here rich merchandise was seen
 Of loom, of mine, of land, of sea,

Offerings in multiplicity;
And flocks, and herds, and oil, and wheat,
Were brought by Gentile's willing feet,
Brought all rich things for glorious feast.
The camels laden, from the East,
Midian and Ephah's dromedaries,
Brought gifts the eye and taste to please,
And Sheba's gold, and incense rare
In great abundance surely here,
The flocks of Kedar, white as snow,
THE PRINCE'S Pastures overflow—
And Nebaioth's rams were brought
To sacrifice!

The Human thought
May strive in vain to find of things
Forgotten in such offerings.

And surely man could well afford
To fill the Warehouse of THE LORD,
For HE had blessed on every hand
The Fields and Herds of Every Land,
One hundred fold in everything
Was given by CHRIST THE BLESSED KING.

This was the House of Royal cheer
And every mortal could come here
Sure of a Royal welcoming,
Claim audience of THE ETERNAL KING!
Lo, Kings had here no precedent,
The poorest and the humblest went
Unto HIS presence—knowing well

A slight would be impossible ;
 And he who had a case to bring,
 Tho' his opponent be a King,
 Knew that he pleaded not in vain
 Unerring Justice to obtain.

And who so poor as wanted bread
 Was surely at this table fed,
 For ever wine, and meat, and bread
 Were on the Royal table spread,
 No hungry Soul was turned away.
 When men came here to praise and pray,
 Lo, Levites ever ready stand,
 With smiling face and welcoming hand,
 To greet each mortal that came here
 With sumptuous and wholesome cheer.
 With joy the Levite gladly brings
 Feasts to all Comers, of fat things
 A feast of wine upon the lees,
 The weary one to charm and please,
 Here fat things full of marrow find,
 Wine on the lees all well refin'd.
 Here man was recognized one whole
 Equal the Flesh, the Spirit, Soul,
 Each part of Human Nature fed
 With song, with praise, with dainty bread ;
 For THE GREAT KING who spreads repast
 No slur upon the Flesh would cast,
 The Three parts equal in His sight,
 And neither one may Human slight :
 So all men's cravings here were met,
 Man's spirit had no higher claim

Than had the Soul, or fleshly frame,
Neither the noblest—neither base—
But each in manhood found true place,
The whole a perfect, equal poise,
Without the stains—the fleck of flaws—
Neither despised as meaner thing,
For each formed perfect by THE KING,
Each man fulfilled God's Holy Plan,
The Three make perfect Gentleman.

Nor lingered here an idle pest
To eat and drink of what was best,
So live a life of idleness,
No idle dreamer here did press
For sauntering in listless ways,
For tho' The House for Rest and Praise,
And surely 'twas home place for rest,
Yet only the true toiler blest.
Spirit of idleness not here
For one could feel that everywhere
Spirit of service was supreme!
No thought of selfishness, nor fear,
Across the mind—here one could gleam
Of faithfulness in slightest thing
In this vast Palace of THE KING!

In Space where Buildings Circled round
No living mortal dare be found
For Mortals yet of sin bore taints,
Only the Resurrected Saints
Could pass the Temple's colonnade—
The penalty of Death was laid

On those who would that law transgress.
 Surely no pleasure had men less
 By an obedience to this law,
 For all around, the mortal saw,
 Undreamed magnificence in sight
 To give a satisfied delight.

Thirty great buildings circled round
 That center called The Holy Ground—
 Thirty grand buildings—each the same—
 No flaw to give the Builders shame—
 No hair's breadth difference—they rose
 Each perfect, massive in repose
 Of stately elegance,—between
 Each House an exact space was seen
 According to Ezekiel's Plan,
 Three miles all round the circle ran
 Displaying—as one long facade,
 And pillared porches gave sweet shade.

Entering one of the many doors
 To gain the first of cellæ floors
 One must ascend a stairway grand,
 With stately pillar at one hand,
 And at the other hand arose
 The cherubim, in grand repose,
 Figures full forty feet in length
 Like Living Creatures of vast strength,
 Wonder of beauty shaping grace,
 Each figure with a double face—
 This face—a young man passing fair—
 That—lion head with massive hair—

Such faces all could understand—
Man of JEHOVAH'S Own Right Hand—
The other—JUDAH'S LION, He
The Star gem of The Trinity!
At every door the entering feet
Would cherubim and pillar meet,
Eight hundred columns blossomed art
Whose airy splendor charmed the heart,
Eight hundred cherubim with face
Of double beauty—filled the place
With such magnificent display
As never seen in olden day!
Here Resting-Earth-home ever be
For Risen Saints vast company,
Here song of Praises all the time,
Grand songs all glorious and sublime,
Indeed 'twas almost true insooth
Here voice of song was never mute.
Each cellæ surely was supreme
In rare, sweet beauty—did but seem
As if alone some fancy dream—
A musical of fantasy—
Too rare for human eyes to see:
The lattice work and carvings seemed
Some ideal thoughts, that fancy dreamed
The human eyes could never see
Such gorgeous things reality!
Massive—yet exquisite in grace—
Like as if smile from God's own face
Impressed on matter—thus to be
His smile throughout Eternity.

Higher than all—Mount Zion's height
With Beacon Light to great men's sight,
Now changed indeed the ancient place,
For on the top an ample space
Whence sacrificial smoke arose
To Cloud, that ever did repose
Between the Earth and Heavenly place—
Where THE SHEKINAH showed its face—
The Cloud by day, the Light by night,
JEHOVAH's banner to men's sight!
On Zion's Mount—in centering space—
Sprang up to view the Altar place
Where ever more the flames were fed—
(The victim, and the Life's Blood shed,)
For Sacrificial Smoke and Flame
Proclaimed to man his Sin and Shame,
And, aye, the Glorious Truth displayed
THE TRIUNE LOVE—WHO once had laid
Their all, on Sacrificial Place,
With Infinite and Matchless Grace,
So that the Human may believe,
And in CHRIST's Death a Life receive—
A Gift of Perfect Righteousness
By which the Human Race to bless:
Now in remembrance of that deed,
From day to day, must victims bleed.
E'er men forget, CHRIST's Death alone
Did for their Shame and Sin atone!
For Human Nature ever prone
To think that Sin had not o'er thrown
Their every faculty—that sin
Spreads not a leprous spot within,

But that man by some Lordly act
Could set aside the awful fact
Of Sin's Transgression—men make bold
The GODHEAD's Glory to behold
Without a Mediator's plea.

"Man must his own Redeemer be!"

So subtle is the pride of man
He fain would set aside GOD's plan,
By his own merit, work and grace,
Dare look THE GODHEAD in the face!
'Twas hard indeed to prove to men
The Exceeding Sinfulness of Sin,
That birth by nature brought their soul
Entirely under Sin's control,
Therefore, 'twas a necessity
That every human eye should see
That through Shed-Blood, and that alone,
Could man approach JEHOVAH's Throne.

Alas, a dire necessity
To man's sight Sacrifice must be
Even in this transforming age,
And tho' now free from Satan's rage
Still man within himself contains
A source of Sin—and constant stains
Marked that a Virus still within
Blighted with dire, corroding sin,
And that alone CHRIST's saving grace
Could rescue from its foul embrace.

And o'er the Altarplace there lay
A flame by night, a cloud by day,
THE PRESENCE OF THE TRINITY!

That every Human eye may see—
This an exceeding Holy Place
Where GOD and Man met face to face.
THE TRIUNE GOD all satisfied
With merits THE LORD CHRIST supplied,
CREATOR and the Creatures meet
In conference supremely sweet,
In Holy reverence and awe
Without a sin stain, fleck or flaw—
As CHRIST THE MEDIATOR stands
To join the two with nail pierced hands.

At House of Praise at Eastern gates
The ministering Levite waits
To take Sin offerings from men
Who felt their minds were stained with sin.
Four large stone blocks, two at each side
Of every gate, where beasts were tied
And slain by Levites—aye, outside!
Remembrance of THE ONE who Died
Outside the City Gate—THE ONE
On whom all sins were laid upon!
Levites each Sacrifice to slay
And make each ready—fit to lay
Upon The Altar—but no more—
They could not go beyond the door
That led to circling Sanctuary,
Where Risen Saints would ready be
To take the offering to high place
Where GOD with man met face to face!
The Sons of Righteousness alone
Could bring gifts to the Altar stone,

Only The Sons of Zadok bring
Gifts for acceptance to THE KING.

JEHOVAH's words were plain and clear:

“No Levite shall to ME draw near—
Of old, when Israel went astray
From ME The Levites turned away,
And dared before the idols stand
With outstretched sacrificial hand,
They turned MY Peoples' hearts from ME,
Led Israel in Iniquity,
Filled MY house with Idolatry
Turned Israel's heart and mind from ME—
Therefore, they shall bear their disgrace
Nor enter in MY Holy Place:
As they had once profaned MY NAME
Forever more be theirs the shame!
Yet they the Ministers shall be
Have charge of Gates—of Sanctuary—
Slay the burnt offerings—and stand
Before the people, but their hand
No sacrifice shall minister
Before the people; they confer
With those who enter at MY gate,
On people's wants, and wishes wait,
The Keepers of MY Holy Place;
But not to come before MY FACE
As Aaron in appointed ways
Before ME came in ancient days.”

No more the Levites held high place—

For evermore they bore disgrace—
Driven from the Priesthood, never more
Came House of Aaron, as of yore,
With sacrifice near altar place,
Nor dared to tread the Circled Place:
No son of Aaron stood High Priest
With glittering robes at any feast—
No more, with miter on the head,
Brought they the incense, flesh or bread;
When they came near no longer fell
From garment rich the tinkling bell
When every motion music made,
Nor was the breast plate now displayed—
For Aaron's Sons no longer Priests
To hold authority at feasts,
No matter how much they desire
They dare not touch the altar fire,
They may not pass the rampart's bounds,
Nor enter in The Holy grounds;
All menial Offices were theirs
And ministering to the affairs
Of outer sanctuary, in fact,
By them alone was every act
Of service rendered in each place
Where mortal man could show his face.
They met the stranger at the door—
Accepted offerings if such bore—
Gave welcome, led to place of rest—
Spread Royal bounty, heard request
Of every nature, told each where
Such may in joy and peace repair—
Where perfect freedom—where restraint—

Where found The Prince—The Risen Saint—
Where judgment chambers—where to find
The full fruition of each mind.
Unceasing in glad servitude
The Levites, for the People's good;
Relieved each course at stated hours
In outer cellæ, courts, and towers,
Were ever seen the ready feet
Of Ministers the guests to meet,
For night had never silence here,
Late comers never had a fear
They were too late for Royal cheer.

And high in air, in upper space,
A glistening Glory showed its face
Where CHRIST, and Risen Saints abide.
Fashioned by HIM for HIS own bride—
The House where "many mansions be"—
Where dwells The Bride continually;
A house not made by human hands,
Lo, there a glorious Home it stands
That took HIS love two thousand years,
(Since first HE left the World of tears,)
To build, to shape, to beautify,
A perfect gem to gazer's eye.
Lo, there, all glories to surpass,
The Golden City—clear as glass—
Springs upward to Ethereal height
A blaze of Rapture to the sight,
A City whose foundation stands
As 'twere in hollow of CHRIST's hands,
A Treasure House of HIS Great Love,

Eternities can never move,
 The Rush of Ages shall not shake,
 Nor Time a single splendor break.
 HE toiled, THE KINGLY ARTISAN,
 For PRINCELY LOVE drew every plan—
 The vast design—minute detail—
 In naught did loving fingers fail.

Twelve precious stones of wondrous size,
 Shapened to Love's fastidious eyes,
 The strong foundations—nothing hid—
 For, lo, we dream a Pyramid
 To Pyramid met base to base,
 A Perfect Cube it hung in space;
 A Jasper slab the lowest lay,
 Then upward in a grand array
 Each slab o'er lapping that below
 With ample space, with richest glow,
 Tier upon tier—'till gazer stood
 Intoxicated by the flood
 Of varied, many colored rays,
 Mingling in one translucent blaze.

There crowned with everlasting fame
 Carved an Apostle's glorious name
 On each foundation glittering stone,
 As they upheld JEHOVAH's Throne!
 On the Foundations (to enthrall
 The Gazer's sight) A Jasper wall
 Seeming a blazing liquid bright,
 Wall thrice a hundred feet in height
 Pierced by twelve gates—three on each side—
 Each gate was Royal—arches wide—

Carved from a single Pearl each gate
Stood open in its princely state
For in this City ever more
None would hear shutting of a door.
Lo, Jacob's sons were honored now—
For when the gazer lifted brow
On entering gate, the arch to see,
He read, emblazoned splendidly,
Some son of Jacob's princely name
Writ in imperishable Fame.
A City fashioned by the hand
Of HIM who had at HIS command
The boundless Universe—where HE
May choose and work all wondrously.
The Gems, the Precious stones that we
Held at such price—so small to see—
One held a fortune in his hand—
So scarce, the rich in every land
Sought for a gem the ounces weighed,
And for such getting men betrayed
Most sacred Trusts—that they may own
The glory of a ten ounce stone.
New stones and slabs of size immense
Shone with a splendor all intense;
The brightest, rarest Earthly Stone,
That only Czars may dare to own,
Was dull beside the blazing things
Built into walls, and courts, and wings
Of Palaces, until they be
A stone enchanting rhapsody!
As men had in the olden time
Built with their stones, and brick, and slime,

So now the rarest gems were used—
 Nor to the meanest wall refused—
 And gold and such things were no more
 Held precious as a miser's store,
 But lavished with a princely hand;
 Strewed priceless wonders o'er that land—
 The costliest things for common use
 Betrayed CHRIST's love profound—profuse—
 Gems—pebble size to us alone—
 Now blaze a thousand miles one stone
 Of brilliant splendor—for THE KING
 Took pleasure in this fashioning,
 As easy to His power to shape
 As mountain, continent or cape.

The eye could now behold at last
 What hearts had sighed for in the past—
 Lo, there it flow'd, no fancy dream,
 Calm, clear, cool, softly shimmering stream—
 That River through the City strayed—
 The Sweetest Water GOD e'er made!
 Fancy no longer, years ago
 Men reasoned it could not be so—
 Earth's wisest: "mystical," had said,
 Destroyed the meaning as they read—
 Their aim to spiritualize
 'Til it was nonsense in men's eyes—
 Great tomes were written by their hand
 To prove this river, fair and grand,
 Was anything but what was meant—
 Protesting if one dared to hint:

*"'Twill be a River fair to see,
Most surely a reality—
No Will o' wisp—no fancy thing—
But worthy of God's fashioning,
Aye, a great, grand majestic tide
Exhaustless, bountifully wide."*

Lo, now it shimmers down the street
A living stream, delicious, sweet,
Which Risen Saints were glad to take
And slake their thirst for drinking sake;
Deep current of majestic sweep
Where Spring and Summer ever keep
Glad rivalry—and music sweet
Sounded where shores and waters meet—
Itself so resonant that strings
Of harps seem echoing from the springs
As from The Throne of GOD it flowed,
And on its brilliant waters glowed
THE GLORY OF JEHOVAH'S FACE!
Airy as spider's woven lace
The blended colors, clear the depth,
Where darkness lurked not, never slept,
Stream never darkened by one shade,
On whose banks fair musicians played
Their instruments all exquisite—
Where singers ever sang—for night—
Or twilight never saw that stream—
Nor never fell a night lamp's beam.
Ever melodious melody
From shore to shore met on that sea,
Music to rich perfection brought,

Where Singers and the Players sought
To make perfection's harmony—
Where jarring note could never be—
But holiness to music wed—
Where discord ne'er revealed its head—
But Peace and Love went hand in hand
To make glad music in the land.

On either bank in summer breeze
Fluttered the fruit on far famed trees,
That men had sought on Earth to gain—
But ever found the quest in vain!
Lo, here all ripe and luscious fruit
On every bough to topmost shoot,
Trees heavy with their burdens fair,
Their rich perfume upon the air.
Intoxicating every sense
With joy profound, joy all intense—
The Tree of Life!—to human eyes
It stood as in lost Paradise
Its glory blazed to Adam's gaze:
Ah, but the bitter, bitter days
Since first he saw it—and the now
As man again, with sinless brow,
Could stand beside that tree—now eat
Its fruit, so marvelously sweet,
Passing a glory through the veins.
Without the shadow of a flaw—
God's eyes no imperfection saw—
As Love brings to the one it chose
The rarest and most perfect rose
To lay it sweetly at her feet,

So when this City was complete
THE LORD well pleased to bring HIS Bride
There ever with HIM to abide.

There, never music silence kept—
There, never yet had mortal wept—
There, never heard the cry of pain—
There, never sorrow's sad refrain—
There, never strife had entered in—
There, never shadow of a sin—
There, never yet lay aching head—
There, never any cry for bread—
There, never any strife nor hate—
There, never heart was desolate—
There, never to an eye came tears—
There, never to a breast came fears!

O'er all, as Eagle hovering,
JEHOVAH, the all loving KING,
And every Risen Saint is blest
Within that grand Sabbath Rest!

And surely from Mount Zion's height
A Blessing for the Earth's delight,
At corners four of Altar place
Stood horns carved with Royal grace,
And, lo, from each, as from a cup,
Great living waters spring up
From living fountains—depths unknown
As blessings from JEHOVAH's throne—
Running around the outer space
Grooved in the Holy Altar place—

Then like to cascades flowing o'er
 Their volume on approaching floor—
 So that the Priests forever stood
 When ministering in that clear flood—
 Then flowing down the living stream,
 Seeming a pearl of glistening gleam,
 From altar spot on Zion's hill,
 Swept neath the Circle Temple space,
 Then outward to the Four Square Place—
 Thus at each door the waters be—
 So all who entered Sanctuary
 Must pass through water—that the feet
 Be cleansed of dust—made fresh and meet
 To tread the Holy Courts—for none
 Must dare approach JEHOVAH's throne
 With spotted garments—unwashed feet.
 For ever ready at the door
 Stood Levites to array the poor—
 To each the garments without fee,
 (And surely such all rare to see,)
 Of linen garments, making sweet
 Each worshipper that bowed the knee
 Before ETERNAL TRINITY.

At the first door a little rill
 A child may wade, and change at will,
 But as the stream from each wide door
 Increased the volume more and more,
 From the last door its graceful sweep
 For man to wade in was too deep—
 And when the waters from each side
 Met—'twas a river's sweeping tide—

A sheet of water wondrous fair
That none on earth may dare compare,
Clean, clear and limpid as it ran
A blessing to the sight of man.

Lo, now fulfilled Isaiah's dream—
Behold, indeed the glorious stream
On which no galleys e'er should ride—
Nor gallant ship float on this tide—
Place of broad River and of streams
O'er which a Light Eternal beams—
Ne'er ruffled by a breeze nor gale—
Where oars play not—nor hoisted sail—
Nor tempest darken—ne'er shall float
Steamship, nor brigantine, nor boat—
That river on the Table Land
Unfretted by the rower's hand,
Nor fisherman shall ever cast
His net, nor bind a sail to mast,
That River by the Sanctuary
Unruffled shall forever be,
Type of the Holy Peace and Calm
That CHRIST shall give to Human Race
When they to HIM shall turn their face
And sing the blest Redemption Psalm.

City of Peace—Jerusalem!
Thou art the one Resplendent Gem
Of all the Cities of the Earth—
The Home of Plenty, Joy and Mirth!
City of Laughter and Gay Song—
Where all Earth's Nations love to throng

At Yearly feasts, for here is joy
 Without one taint of base alloy.
 The City of Perfection this
 With naught to mar a perfect bliss;
 Sorrow and Sickness are unknown
 No pain to wrack nor force a moan—
 Since CHRIST came back there never fell
 On Dwellers' ears the tolling bell
 Of Death—and never bitter cry
 From heart that saw a loved one die.
 Death hath no terrors, brings no dread
 For centuries none hath lain dead
 In any house—Death all unknown
 Where CHRIST had placed His Earthly Throne;
 And never yet had mourners' feet
 Gone to and fro in any street,
 Nor hearse, with sable drooping plumes,
 Nor any graves, nor any tombs,
 In all this mighty City's bounds
 One seeks in vain for grave yard Grounds.
 THE LORD OF LIFE at Zion reigns,
 Banished all sickness and grim pains;
 This is indeed The Holy Land,
 No sick one in its bounds may stand
 For Perfect Health reigns ever here—
 Nor Death germ in its atmosphere.

A Perfect City—Lo, CHRIST's brain
 Revolved its outlines on the plain—
 The Human wrought out the design
 As traced for man by THE DIVINE
Man carried out Divine intent

The metes, the bounds, the breadth, the length,
 Each avenue, each stately street,
 Where Public structure truly meet
 For certain service—each broad space
 For busy Mart—for market place—
 Where traders of the world may bring
 All things of human fashioning.
 Where place of Homes, where Parks, where bowers,
 Where shading trees, where blooming flowers,
 Where fountains, where great Music Halls,
 How high the house, how strong the walls,
 Where iron, marbles, wood and stone;
 One architect—and HE alone
 Supreme in shaping everything,
 As to perfection HE would bring
 A Perfect City—so that man
 O'er all the Earth had perfect plan.

A Perfect sewerage—so complete
 That all was wholesome, fresh and sweet,
 No sewer gas of any kind
 To hurt or harm the human Kind.
 Such Drinking Water! one may see
 Provision bountiful and free
 For every one—The Stream of Grace
 Which flowed from 'neath the Altar Place
 Through every street and alley ran,
 The poorest, and the richest man,
 Had all each wanted for his need,
 Without a single thought of greed.

No squalid homes—no hovels here—

Each house had space where one might rear
His figtree, vine and flowers fair ;
Each man his house, with every room
Open and pleasant, where no gloom
Would whisper of a coming tomb ;
No crowding in a narrow space—
Outcasts and Parasites of race
Here could not find a hiding place.
No hotbeds breeding things of slime
To creep out at the midnight chime
And shrivel up their souls in crime ;
No fetid rooms where mortals be
Too crowded in their misery
For common bounds of decency.
Thank God such things are past away—
The filth, the dirt, the stench, decay,
Are but bad dreams of yesterday !
Here no infringing honest laws,
No slighting work, no hiding flaws,
Each hand and brain in earnest wrought
Without dishonest wish or thought,
So that each workman strove his best,
If mistake made, at once confessed.
So that this City surely built
Without a flaw or thought of guilt,
And every workman showed glad will,
Gave of his best, most earnest skill,
So that the eye of CHRIST may see
A work wrought conscientiously ;
No matter what the work, the hand
Alert to carry out command,
Work finished, with the care begun,

All wanted to have CHRIST'S "Well Done."
Never such City built before
Where brains, and hearts, and wills adore
The Architect, and strove to do
What HIS own gracious fingers drew ;
They showed THE ARCHITECT HIS will
Had won from them their keenest skill—
And won the end for which all strove—
A Perfect City built by Love !

One sought not such—one never saw
A so-called guardian of The Law—
No policeman here on any beat—
No policeman seen on any street—
No prison house, no dismal jail—
No drunkard's cry—nor wife's sad wail.
And no Saloon with flaming sign
With maddening drinks of beer and wine ;
No houses where fair women sit
And make their charms encircling net
To woo men by enticing spell—
Where chambers emptied into Hell.
Thank GOD, such things are past away,
And men no more tempt and betray
The trusting heart—but honest men
Who harbor not such thoughts of sin,
Who strive to make the happy earth
A Place of Peace, and Joy, and Mirth.
And Woman a most Holy Thing,
The Sweetest Blessing from THE KING,
And sweetest words in Human Life :
"My Home, My Children, and My Wife."

She stood Supreme Commercial Mart!
 Like as the great pulsating Heart
 Of the vast Commerce of all lands,
 The tide of Trading in her hands,
 The Clearing House of the vast world—
 From whence no shafts of Panic hurled
 By Greedy Monsters who would rend
 For paltry gain the dearest friend.
 Thank CHRIST, such days are passed away
 When men, like Savage Beasts of Prey,
 Spread pleasant nets to catch the feet
 Of those who dreamed not of deceit;
 The Monsters of the Latter Days
 Are now unknown—their devilish ways
 Not tolerated—not one hour—
 For CHRIST would blast such greedy power
 Quicker than closing of eyelid—
 Earth of such carcass soon be rid!
 Once Capital was like a God
 Who on defenceless Labor trod—
 Indifferent Brutality—
 "Commercial Interest" seemed to be
 The only Object that could stand
 With Reckless, Blatant, Lawless hand,
 And an "Investor's Rights" alone
 More absolute than Despot's throne,
 Supreme before the human sight,
 And common people had no right
 That an "Investor" should respect;
 The Laws all shapen to protect
 "Invested Interest,"—and to gain
 One-half percent. no human pain

Was reckoned with—a thousand men
Were sacrificed that One may win.
So that a dozen Beasts of Prey
Ruled millions with despotic sway—
Trampled on Laws with proud disdain,
Their money for them could obtain
The subtlest and keenest brain
To pick the strangest, silly flaws
In the most careful, stringent Laws.
Millions of Freemen bent as slaves
To these Defiant, Godless Knaves,
Freeman with ballots in their hand
In the most free—enlightened land
Of all the world—stood Craven Soul
And let these Monsters take control
Of Railways, Commerce, Mines and Mills,
Yea, let them work their greedy wills
In every business—every trade—
Millions of Freemen grew afraid,
Whining: “We cannot shape our laws
Against such—better give applause
To Matchless Forethought and sharp brain;
’Twere best e’en half a loaf to gain
Than feel of hunger.”—So the men,
The many millions, who could win,
Stood cowering, abject heart and face.
Bribery flourished in high place—
And Legislatures bought and sold,
And Senators for lust of gold
Sputtered of “Holy Human Rights,”
Then in the darkness of the nights
Took “tips on market stocks,” and bribes

Until the people hailed with gibes
 The Rulings of The Court—Supreme!
'Til honesty a foolish dream
Cheating and lying—were not vice—
And every living man his price.

Thus greed debauched the Human Soul
 The monsters who held in control
 Their billions—showed to fellow men
 A Godless Daring in their sin.
 But yet such honored for their wealth
 Grasped openly, or secret stealth;
 Even the Churches hailed such men,
 (Tho' every dollar gained by sin,)
 As Sons—and gave them highest place
 Reckoned it honor, not disgrace,
 To blazon such names on their page:
"Great Benefactors of The Age."
 And if poor Saint but dare oppose
 They found quick way his mouth to close,
 And he dubbed "Crank," who dared to say
 A word against such Beasts of Prey,
 Their Gold was a most Holy thing
Made perfect by the offering!

The Greedy Monsters still were men—
 And fear possessed them in their sin—
 And oft' to lull a questioning soul
 Would give percent. of what they stole
 To build an Hospital, or School,
 As they, by this, THE LORD would fool,
 And their munificence would be

A passport to the Trinity.
Science and Art became their care,
Their mighty structures everywhere
Held Public eye—and men received
With Joy their Gifts—the Church believed
Such were The Almoners of CHRIST!
As Greed and CHRIST could hold a tryst—
And a Thief's gift acceptable
And thus the Antichristian spell
Upon Professing Christians fell,
All blindèd to Satanic lie—
Until THE LORD CHRIST from on high
In all HIS Righteous wrath came down—
And all vanished at HIS frown—
And the Grim Monsters of the Race
Were driven to Satanic place.

A Port of Entry—lo, her sea
Is fretted now continually
By coming and by going ships;
For commerce to her golden lips
Brings of Earth's Riches to her mart,
Here at her ports are sails unfurled
From every port around the World;
She stands a great pulsating heart
That sends its arteries through space
To every continent and Race.
Lo, piled on her extended quays
The merchandise that all men praise,
A prodigal and vast display
Seen not in any former day.
Between three continents she stands—

The Western and the Eastern lands
Make this their market place to trade,
Here each their diverse wares displayed,
And bartered with an even hand,
For justice had supreme command,
Not varying a single line
From Equity that was Divine.
For here the smallest child could come,
Or trader blind, or deaf, or dumb,
And know full well none would betray—
Each trade as open as the day—
Where naught was hidden—all was plain—
Each trader knew what he would gain
In every trading—chance no more
Ruled Commerce as in days of yore.
None run a risk in trading now,
There was no cause for careworn brow,
No fretting lest a rival may
By some sharp trick or turn betray.
One bought at such a price to sell,
And in his heart he knew full well
That those who would hereafter buy
These very goods, would never lie
To get the better of his trade;
Nor of a loss was he afraid—
All paid him as himself had bought
Without a bickering, bad thought,
Where crafty, subtle souls would set
For simpler men enticing net—
For simpler men a gilded bait—
And then like goulsh spiders wait—
Bloated Blood suckers of The Race

Abhorrent to THE LORD CHRIST's face—
Things that HIS Love could not abide
Sins of Covetousness and Pride!

Here was no speculative ruse
Where simpler ones were sure to lose,
And ghouls pile up misgotten gains
At cost of other mortal's pains.
For not one soul had tried to gain,
The least advantage; all obtain
An ample margin each to each
None had to beg, nor to beseech
For equity in any trade;
And not a trader was afraid
To show the cost of things displayed,
All knew extortion was not laid
On any article—men told
What profit in that bought or sold;
No hiding of the actual cost,
And none could claim that he had lost
A cent on anything—men knew
Each spoke to men of what was true.
For if one dared to tell a lie
Full swift a Risen Saint came nigh
To show that man wherein he err'ed—
Margin of profit was referred
To men experienced in each art
Who gave their judgment from the heart.

She stood the Mistress of the Seas!
From everywhere the stormless breeze
Brought Ships of tribute to her ports;

Unarmed she stood—no guns, nor forts
To make secure against a foe.
No matter from whence Waters flow,
By continents or islands far,
Jerusalem, a blazing star,
A Beacon Light, blazed up to all!
So seamen answering to her call
Were always glad to shift their sails,
(Not fearing wreck from storms nor gales,)
To gain her ports—her waterways
Of grandest sweep, a world wide praise,
The Land locked Harbors, roadstead wide,
Thousands of ships here side by side
An anchorage all safe could find—
Where all to meet were passing kind
With shake of hand—and royal cheer.
And seamen now need have no fear
Of harpies that would on them prey—
No “doggeries” along the quay
Where men and women like to beasts
Enticed to wanton, drunken feasts;
Now every one they met was kind
In helpfulness to bless the mind—
The seamen’s Paradise on Earth
No matter whence or where his birth.

From Table land where Temple stood
The River swept in graceful flood,
Perchance, down in one vast cascade,
(That ever rarest Rainbows made,)
Clear sheet of water running o’er
That rocky steep, with no wild roar,

But silently with shimmering grace
Like smile that mantles woman's face
When Love hath crowned her—no wild race
Of treacherous waters this to see,
But murmuring softly, pleasantly,
A hum of music in the air
Alone this grandeur did declare;
No fall of waters like to this—
Nor at its base a wild abyss
Of whirling whirlpools, mad spray,
They fell—Lo, murmuring waters lay
As half asleep—so sweetly calm
The gazers never had a qualm
Of fear when gazing in delight—
Majestic and Imperial Sight!
There River parted—a twin grace—
One to the East—one to the West—
Where either went that place was blest
A joy for man, for beast, for earth,
Where e'er each flowed was peace and mirth.
Where they meandered o'er the land
Verdure sprang up on every hand,
The grass and flowers à carpet made.

The Palm tree flung its graceful shade,
The banks on either hand all clad
With brilliant verdure—nature glad
Ran in gay riot everywhere,
With beauty bountiful and free,
Luxuriant everything to see
With a surpassing brilliancy
Of color—blade, and shrub, and tree,

Were very wonderful to see.
 For Winter touched not with decay—
 'Twas ever Autumn—ever May—
 Where these life giving waters went,
 To all eyes glad astonishment,
 For fruit trees—ever bearing fruit
 Made Autumn's glory—tender shoot
 Beside the fruit betokened May,
 So ne'er came mortal night, nor day,
 Even when Winter held her sway,
 And found not fruit of luscious taste,
 None seemed to rot, nor go to waste,
 No matter if the millions came
 CHRIST's bounty never put to shame,
 And the last comer like the first
 Could pluck a fruit, and slake the thirst;
 No hurrying feet, with wild suspense,
 All knew The CHRIST's munificence
 Had never failed—His bounty spread
 That all hearts could be comforted.

And o'er the fields of living green
 Not one obnoxious weed was seen;
 The flowers in wildest rivalry
 Flouted their beauty—none could see
 A thistle, nettle, not a weed,
 To make the flowers or grasses plead
 For a fair showing—as of old
 When weary eyelids but beheld
 The weeds grow rampant everywhere,
 Filling the tiller with despair,
 That all his labor surely vain—

And weary toiling paid by pain.
But now how changed, for fruit and flower
Held in their hands the reigning power
And made grand wilderness indeed,
If human labor took not heed
To train in all their subtle ways—
Making their wealth a prayer of praise.

One River flowed down to the Sea
Where Sodom's curse once plain to see—
But when the Living Waters came
To spot once cursed by Heaven's flame
That scene of Desolation fled—
Lo, Beauty lifted up its head—
The brackish waters once more sweet
Came murmuring upwards to the feet
Of those who walked along the brink
To see its beauty and to drink;
No longer desolate and drear
Filling the gazer's heart with fear
At such an utter, barren spot
As if indeed by CHRIST forgot;
Where night winds moaned to fill with dread
The mortal who dared rest his head
Near that lone sea of death and brine,
Where desolation cast its line
Of sterile barrenness and made
E'en Arab's hearts of it afraid.
Lo, changed the spot—now lifted up
The Sea no longer in deep cup
Of salty bitterness—The Hand
Of CHRIST had lifted up the land

Which once beneath sea waters lay—
The Jordan Valley on the day
That Earthquake parted Olivet,
Was to a higher level set,
The deep depression of the place
Evanished—and a thing of grace
The Sea spread out its laughing face
To welcome CHRIST—The River came
To wipe away its sin and shame,
To heal its bitterness, to change
That spot into a Glory strange,
To woo and win the gazer's eyes
And make the spot a Paradise.
The banks were clad with beauty rare,
All trees of fruit and shade were there,
The Summer's laugh rang on the air—
A rare flower scented atmosphere.

And fish—innumerable be,
The fisher folk were glad to see
For little toil such catch of fish—
As fine as any heart may wish!
The lower portion of the lake
Still brackish so that men may take
From briny marshes—as from vault—
The Blessings of the richest Salt.
The River Jordan then once more
Flowed Southward—on its bosom bore
The Ships of Commerce to Red Sea,
For now the gazers' eye may see
The Commerce of the Southern sea
Sail upward to the Estuary

Where South and Inland waters kissed.
And Joppa's waves no longer hissed
On rocky coast, for amply wide
The place of meeting where may ride
Ten thousand ships. The tideless Sea
Became a harbor to The Land
Who held o'er all lands The Command.

Still more of an astonishment—
The other Living River went
Across the Desert to the tide
Of the Euphrates lordly pride—
And now 'twas Desert waste no more
The blessings that Life River bore
Glorious and Wonderful to see—
Once shifting sands continually
Made cultivation a vain cost,
And human labor only lost,
For many a century and age
A home for beast to growl and rage,
And birds of prey to sit and croak
Should a lost mortal gape and choke
For moisture on the swollen tongue;
Where weird cries ever more seemed wrung
From spirit lips in luckless pain;
A sandy, treeless, grassless plain.
The coming of Life River made
The desert sand a flowering glade
Of shrub, of tree, of grass, of grain,
Where never mortal toiled in vain:
For the drear stretch of shifting sand
Now changed to most luxuriant land,

Five times an hundred fold for toil
Was given upon its poorest soil.
Where once roamed gaunt, grim beasts of prey—
Where serpents in the sunshine lay—
Now heard the rush of joyful feet
The hamlet, and the City street,
Filled the once solitude with song,
Once hot brown sands saw bustling throng
Of many millions. So at last
The Promise given in faded past
By God to Abraham A Fact
Nor did the waiting long detract
From any splendor—all may see
From the Euphrates to Great Sea
The Sons of Israel supreme—
God's promise no fanatic dream!

Now Commerce had grand Waterway—
Ships from the Orient could bring
The tide of Barter, and display
Their wares for friendly marketing
To City of THE GLORIOUS KING,
The Blessed River amply wide
From where it met Euphrates tide,
The floating Commerce of far East,
In working days, there never ceased
Of ships a steady ebb and flow
From Sun Kissed Land—and Land of Snow—
From Isles and Continents—all bring
People and tribute to THE KING.

For now came all the human race

To look on CHRIST-JEHOVAH'S Face,
To touch HIS hand—look in HIS eyes—
The Rich, the Poor, the Weak, the Wise,
All on one common level came,
To CHRIST, was one and all, the same,
The nail pierced hand to all was free,
For in HIS grand simplicity
None were abashed before HIS gaze,
'Twas rapture's ecstasy to stand
And feel the pressure of HIS hand—
Filled every heart with joyful praise!

Now as of old in Galilee
The little children climbed HIS knee,
Put tiny lips to HIS to kiss—
Nor did KING JESUS take amiss
If in HIS hair wee fingers strayed,
For they of HIM were not afraid,
Oft' rosy cheeks pressed to HIS breast,
A song bird hiding in soft nest.
Aye, oft' for such Great Kings would wait
An audience at the Golden Gate
While HE in happy laughter played
With toddling boy and little maid,
Lo, HE who ruled the Universe
Would with the little child converse!
HE who the Universe had planned,
Oft' took the little ones in hand,
And wandered mid the laughing flowers—

Nor deemed them lost in spending hours
In telling tales—watching the joy—

That flashed in eyes of girl and boy,
As one and all to HIM confess'd
Of story Tellers—HE the best !
Perfect HIS human sympathy
HE ne'er forgot that at the knee
Of Mother, in fair Galilee,
HE stood and listened to the tale
Of Shepherd's sling that did prevail
Over Goliath's empty boast,
And put to flight Philistine Host.

The Years far off—stood to HIS eyes—
When HE, the Prince, in poor disguise,
Hid from the Whelps on Israel's throne—
When HE the Royal Heir alone.
The little PRINCE with brown, bare feet,
Whose every word was softly sweet,
Whose large, sad eyes were quick to see
Who wanted help or sympathy.
And yet who had HIS own distress,
Oft hid HIS face in Mother's dress—
Felt for her hand—the fingers take
Of them protecting wings to make.
For the Young PRINCE was surely shy
And wanted Mother ever nigh,
Creep in her lap, and nestle there,
With tiny fingers in her hair,
Wee lips that sought the Mother kiss
And found there childhood's perfect bliss.
And oft at night at Mother's knee
E'er sleep came creeping lovingly
To close the weary PRINCE's eyes;

And Angels from far Paradise
Kept watch and ward around HIS bed,
Yet e'er HE pillowed drowsy head
Repeated soft and tenderly:—

“THE LORD, my SHEPHERD stands
With ever watchful care,
My soul in HIS sweet hands
Is free from every snare.
All good things that I need
HE for my soul will keep—
Fresh pastures where to feed,
Safe fold where I may sleep.
Where living streams abide
All fresh, and cool, and clear,
There ever by HIS side—
What hath my soul to fear?
HE shall my table spread
In presence of my foe,
With oil anoint my head,
My cup shall overflow.
By Grace and Mercy crown'd
Sweet Peace shall bless my days;
HIS goodness shall surround
And fill my lips with praise.
And when death's vale shall throw
Dark shadows o'er my head,
All fearless shall I go
By HIS hand sweetly led.
HIS promises make bright
The darkness of the way,
'Till bursts upon my sight

The Everlasting Day.
 What raptures mine shall be
 In HIS all blessed place—
 Where I shall ever see
 The beauty of HIS face.”

It is not wrong I scarce believe,
 To think that oft, at drooping eve,
 When household cares ceased to intrude,
 HE took HIS favorite attitude—
 THE BOY would to HIS Mother glide
 And on HIS knees down at her side,
 HIS eyes look up to those dear eyes,
 That oft' gazed at HIM with surprise,
 For even young, a mystery!
 She wishing for the time to be
 When HE would sit on David's throne.
 She loved with HIM to be alone
 For HE had such a sympathy
 In all her care, it were as HE
 A Burden Bearer—tho' so young—
 For sweetness ever on HIS tongue,
 And ever ready toils to make
 As light as could be for her sake.
 Now with HIS arms across her knees
 Would say: *“Sweet Mother, if you please
 A little story of the eld.”*
 Surely such look as she beheld
 From the large eyes of that strange Boy
 Gave her a soothing peace and joy;
 And as her lips the story told
 Of Hebrew Men, and Boys of old,

Of Abraham—Jacob—and the Host
Of Ancient Worthies—perchance most
Joseph HE loved, and Jesse's Son—
And of the great deeds they had done.
I think HE surely loved the boys
To HIM their childish sport and joys
Must oft' have brought to HIM the days
HE too engaged in boyish plays,
Ah, surely oft' in musing be—
Again THE YOUTH of Galilee!

HE watched the sun arise and set
From the high hills of Nazareth—
HE loved the Galileean hills,
Brown rocks, the cliffs, the laughing rills;
The wind blown hair, the flashing eye,
The laughing dance with butterfly.

How oft' all softly, tenderly
Parted the foliage of the tree
Aglow with pleasure, in the quest
To see the building of the nest—
The speckled eggs that soon would break
And each small egg a song bird make.
The squirrel (often watched by him)
In frolic up and down tree limb,
Now here, now there, with motion quick
As mountebank with sleighting trick.
For HE was once a perfect boy—
Had tears, had fears, had woe, had joy;
Was not exempt from anything
But felt the pangs of suffering;

As any other boy HE learned
 Of Earthly things, and thus discerned
 The ways of nature manifold—
 Not of a sudden—book unrolled
 By one quick flash HE knowing all
 By instinct—and so fly not crawl
 Like other mortals—nay, but HE
 Learned Life by dire necessity.
 Knowledge sits high on her abode
 And to her but one rugged road,
 No by-way to be gained by stealth,
 Nor birth, nor station, nor by wealth,
 For step by step the height is won—
 And pain comes oft' e'er comes: "Well done!"
 And even so HE choose to be
 A boy of meek simplicity,
 Who learned each day of earthly things,
 A wee bird pruning its young wings
 For highest flight, for lofty ken—
 So learned THE CHRIST with common men.
 Thus HE to boyish thought was true—
 And from HIS own experience drew
 The knowledge that would fill a boy
 With wonder, trustfulness, and joy.

Not now, as in the olden day,
 Did multitudes but meet to pray,
 As prayer was swallowed up in praise!
 For now indeed glad singing days,
 Faith stood not now the chiefest thing
 Where one looked for Expectant KING!
 Aye, Faith was now eclipsed by sight,

And every mortal had the right
To go before THE KING and see
The splendor of HIS MAJESTY.
If in far regions dwelt a man
Did he but wish—he soon found plan
This earnest wish to gratify,
Nor had he long to utter cry
For not a vessel on the sea
That would not give him passage free
From the most distant—utmost zone—
To see THE KING upon HIS Throne—
Jerusalem held Magnet Star
That drew the Millions from afar.

The Risen Saints in parties kept
Unending watches—never slept—
But constantly were at their post
A coming—and a going Host—
Between The City fair on high,
(Whose glories lit the midnight sky
With rainbow colors rare to see,)

Lo, to the earthly Sanctuary
In troops they came—in singing Bands—
Glad Song on lips, with harps in hands—
Filling the Courts with raptures rare—
A music scented atmosphere.
And each and all were glad to meet
The Human Race with welcome sweet,
The Risen Saints and mortals walked
Around the Courts, and gladly talked
Of the Sweet Blessings that THE KING

Had brought for every living thing.

And then such music—and such song—
The Spirit floated as along
The glories of a summer sea
Of never ending melody —
For every cunning instrument
From whence a tone of music went
By adept fingers here was played,
Glory of music Ever made!

The Levites trained in companies
Course after course to praise, and please,
Were never absent—ever stood
To fill with a melodious flood
The House with rarest melody;
For singers sang continually,
For here no closing doors may be,
The sob of music never died
Like gladsome spirit did abide,
And ever lingered in the air
As music steeped the atmosphere—
Oft' when a thousand sang—the note
Seemed issuing from single throat—
Melodious burst that seemed to float
In whirl of rapturous rare song
Holding entranced the listening throng.

No Darkness here, nor tint of night,
For when the sun withdrew its light
Streamed down from the ethereal height
A flood of glory that made bright

The never silent Sanctuary—
For day and night the eye may see
The coming and the going guest—
A House of Joy forever blest.

Lo, every Boy and Girl came near
Daniel, The Well Beloved, to hear
The story of the Lion's den—
And David too was sure to win
The children's homage—they would know
How long he fought before the blow
Brought the proud Lion to his death;
And, aye, they held their very breath
While he Goliath story told
Of sling, of stone which slew of old.

And every Boy knew Jonah well,
And not a day but he must tell
Of that wild tempest o'er the sea
And he cast out—reluctantly
By frightened men at his command,
So many a weary mile from land.
Of that wild plunge below the wave!
JEHOVAH then alone could save
And then the fish, *prepared*, whose throat
Was opened wide that he may float
A down to that abiding place
Which God prepared in His sweet grace.
And listening to, a blush of shame
On cheek of certain Saints oft' came
As he the story did relate—
For how oft' they in former state

Laughed at "this fable,"—cast it forth
With spit of scorn for empty sport—
"*A Parable at best 'twould be*"—
Now Jonah a reality!

How often harp to David brought—
As living men and women sought
To hear from his own lips the song
That age to age had passed along
From lip to lip—now sweet to say
As in the long dead yesterday—
The Shepherd's song—that human ear
Will in all ages love to hear.

And then Isaiah walking now
Without a wrinkle on his brow,
Without a single sense of care
Upon his features anywhere,
But still what multitudes draw near
From his own lips the words to hear—
To see flash out from drooping lid,
Where the prophetic fire was hid,
That flash of glory as his tongue
Again that Grandest Poem sung—
Words that once heard—heard not in vain—
But surely bitten in the brain—
Words that each tongue would fain relate—
That Death could not eradicate—
On human lips no grander verse
In which the Prophet did rehearse
The Sufferings of the WILLING LAMB!
JEHOVAH CHRIST, THE GREAT I AM!

And Jeremiah without tears!
No sackcloth now, nor aches, nor fears,
No Lamentations—a release
From weary crying—blessed peace
Upon his countenance—his eyes
Forever filled with joy's surprise
To watch GOD's Providence expand
Upon his Race, upon The Land,
In vaster volume than he taught,
Or Dreamed of in Prophetic thought.

And, Lo, Ezekiel's flashing eye
Gloated on every Glory nigh,
Fulfilled at last Prophetic Dream
His many structures flash and gleam—
The City of His Dreams now be
The Mightiest Reality!

And Paul and Peter—who may say
The Blessedness of that great day
When we with them in converse sweet
Will in that Glorious Building meet,
See face to face, touch hand to hand,
Amid the splendor of The Land.

Then we shall see them face to face
Of every tribe—of every race—
The Princes of The Royal Blood!
Who in the flesh all grandly stood
God's Witnesses of every age;
Some blazoned not on any page
Unknown—despised of humankind—

(Trace of them now may no man find—)
Offscouring of the human race
Who suffered to the Death disgrace
And dire depths of contumely—
Which CHRIST's eye had not failed to see!
The Human ingenuity
Of every Age had striven to be
In every race, in every clime,
More deadly than preceding time
In their fell wrath to crush the one
On whom God's Love had centered on!
Satanic hate had shown its spite
In every age—by day—by night—
Unceasingly since Cain's red hand
Put the first blood stain on the Land.

In every Christian mind must be
A Holy curiosity,
How Martyrs felt upon the day
They stood while Human beast of prey
Surrounded them with gnashing teeth.
On every side their eyes could meet
The cruel eye, the hateful leer,
Fell instruments of torture near,
No human friend to stand beside,
But surely there THE CRUCIFIED!
With fingers on their pulse to know
How much their hearts could bear of woe
And suffering for HIS sweet sake,
Nor did HE let the foeman take
Advantage more than they could stand—
THE CRUCIFIED held in HIS hand

The cup the foeman thought they held,
Each drop of pain His eyes beheld,
Were counted surely as they fell—
And it were all impossible
One drop too much to pass their lips!
And then, the glad Apocalypse
When dying eyelids open wide
To see THE CHRIST was at their side!
Our eyes shall surely see them then
The gentle women, stalwart men,
The martyred Kings of Earlier age,
Whose name upon the Sacred Page
Is but a name—no words to tell
Of what they wrought, of how they fell,
Simply a name—and nothing more
Of where they lived, what wrongs they bore,
We shall not know until we see
The crown of matchless brilliancy
Upon each brow—*The Martyr's crown*
That stamps each now of high renown,
With glory of surpassing worth—
Once the offscouring of the Earth—
But now the flaming Seraphim
In station could not match with them!
There when we meet them eye to eye
And hear the name—our hearts will cry:
*"Why your name ofttimes I have seen
On Sacred Page—how have you been
A Martyr—let thy tongue disclose
When thou wert circled by mad foes
The when, the where, renown was won,
That earned for Thee: O Soul, Well Done!"*

Age of Angelic Rule on Earth was past—
The Risen Saints shone forth at last
In full blown splendor to possess
The Kingdom—thus The World to bless,
As Priests and Kings, they grandly stood
The Ministers of CHRIST for good
To each one of Humanity,
CHRIST's Representatives they be
To every Race beneath the sun.
And this vast Honor they had won
By Faith and Grace—by such alone—
For Sins, did Blood of CHRIST atone,
And so Redeemed in every Age,
For common boor, and wisest sage,
Stood equal in the Realm of Grace!
Lo, Wisdom won not in this race—
Redemption! Gift of CHRIST THE KING!
None of Humanity could bring
The rarest gifts to win CHRIST's Grace—
The Gift was Free to all The Race.

Lo, when THE CHRIST returned to Earth
The weakest Saint had Glorious Birth,
The Highest Saint, and weakest one,
With Body like HIS clothed on,
Immortal Flesh, Spirit, and Soul,
And as Eternities should roll
And pass, still come, Lo, no decay
Of Power through The Eternal Day.

That also was Saint's Judgment Day—
Before CHRIST stood a vast array—

Stood every Risen Saint to be
Judged by their works, that all may see
The Righteous Judgment given to each.
Here could not single soul beseech
A change with the most earnest plea
In passionate extremity,
All change of venue here denied!
Lo, here no bickering or strife—
The acts committed in Earth Life
Recorded—at Death a sealed book—
So opened now that all may look
On an indelible—true scroll—
The secret purpose of each soul!
Lo, now each soul had vision keen
To see its life as CHRIST had seen,
Motive of heart in every act
Uncovered—undisputed fact—
Each soul itself thus certified
Truth of Earth Life not here denied.

Ah, that was surely Reckoning Day—
And to vast number sore dismay,
For scarce an act but tinged by self,
Oft' crown of Earth put on Heaven's shelf
By shouting thousands, gems ablaze,
With notices of fulsome phrase
Of the High Glory that should be
When such an one would Heaven see;
Men saw that crown—but now, alas,
The gems were only bits of glass,
Instead of Glory—pampered pride—
The Earthly verdict thrown aside.

And many Saints of little worth!
 For in the Christian Life on Earth
 Souls listless, void of nerve and strength;
 So oft' a soul with vast intent—
 In worrying cares of passing day
 Spent strength in dreams to fade away:
 Then self, and all the nearest kin
 A peaceful life on Earth should win
 Their highest aim, a prayer to bless
 Their dearest ones—thus selfishness.

"Saved by The Blood and Sovereign Grace,"
 They never dreamed it was disgrace
 The Judgment of THE KING to face
 Without a sheaf of worth to grace;
 They dreamed the worry, fret, and care,
 Of household duty—Cross to bear;
 And after death, with folded hands,
 Glide lazily o'er Heaven's flower lands
 In Perfect idleness—THE LORD
For household duties would reward,
 And Perfect Peace of Idleness
 Earth's Crosses made them to possess.

Yet while works never saved a man,
 It was GOD's High and Holy plan
 To give High Honors and High Place
 To those who in the Earth time space
 Were Faithful—where no pride may lurk—
 So well reward them for their work.

And surely various crowns were given—

Those whom by Faithfulness—not driven—
 But gladly for the Love to HIM,
 Now crowned, with many a blazing gem,
 For Faithful, Loving Purpose won
 A splendor greater than the Sun!

Aye, surely honors manifold—
 On Earth, (where Angels served of old,)
 To Risen Saints the Rule was given—
 Not on the Earth alone, high Heaven,
 O'er the vast Orbs in Universe
 The Risen Saints CHRIST did disperse
 As Kings and Priests—o'er all to be
 The Fountains of authority!
 E'en Angels own Saint's highest behest,
 The Universe by Saints be blest,
 All Outer Space by rule possessed,
 Saints, Kings and Priests by all confessed!

Not all for high authority—
 For many uncrowned Saints there be
 Unfitted for a Kingly Rule,
 In Earth life entered not CHRIST's school—
 For mess of pottage birthright sold—
 Lo, they were neither hot, nor cold,
Saved surely by Redemptive Grace,
 So now their Duties commonplace.

And so before CHRIST's Judgment Throne
 True value of each Saint well known,
 Not one before that great assize
 Had one reward to criticize,
 Unerring Justice given to all,

Before CHRIST's face did each Saint fall—
"Faithful and True!" in every sight—
 All acquiesce with great Delight!

Now the God-Gifts at human birth
 Became a blessing to the Earth—
 For men of parts, of larger brain,
 Did noble heritage obtain,
 A wider purpose, larger field
 Where God-Gifts vaster products yield.

Earth's Fruits did not haphazard come,
 A certain quantity, a sum,
 For plenty so much seed be sown,
 That knowledge from Eternal Throne:
*(Now Angels come with subtle thought
 Moving men's minds and thus is wrought
 The harvest time upon the Earth,*
 For fit, for plenty for each birth,
 For fish, herd, creeping thing and man,
 Included in the Heavenly plan—
 Each living creature must be fed
 With suitable and daily bread.)

So now The Risen Saints took up—
 (From Angel's hands)—to fill each cup—
 How much for wheat, how much for corn,
 For every creature on Earth born
 A true provision must be made,
 CHRIST care of Creatures thus displayed.
 As clad each human frame must be,
 It was the saint's love task to see

Amount of cotton, wool, and hemp—
Enough for all—and nothing skimp.
So just provision for all things
Creatures who walk, crawl, use the wings :
So Promise given in Long Ago
Love now that promise would bestow :
"No wish of creatures be denied
CHRIST'S open hands all satisfied."

So thus the Saints had no mean task—
And they of Human hands must ask
To plow so much for harvest yield,
Dimensions given of every field,
How much of orchard, and for vine,
So each a plenty of each taste—
None for destruction, nor for waste—
Enough was reaped from year to year—
And of a famine never fear
For CHRIST had opened wide HIS hand—
Plenty to fulness bless each land !

So with the Saints no idleness—
Their constant work all things to bless ;
But their's were never weariness,
For love gave joy to each fond task
As in THE CHRIST'S *"Well Done!"* they bask.

Aye, now, in sad astonishment
At their own foolishness—there went
Across the World, some Saints, of Eld
In former Earthly Life had held,
Prophetic promises in vain

That CHRIST would come again to reign
On Earth—they held such foolish thought,
And in their Christian Pulpits taught
In spiritualizing strain
The Devil's wisdom—in disdain
Darkened GOD's Council and HIS plan,
So that the Light HE gave to man
Became by them a misty light,
A Will-o-wisp that did delight
To mock man's sorrow and his pain,
Made Earth's Redemption vision vain,
A Charnel House alone the Earth—
And thus its laughter and its mirth—
A bitter heaviness—curtailed
JEHOVAH'S Power—as HE had failed
To hold the Earth a goodly place,
If HE designed a Perfect Race!
For none but Perfect Ones stood by
When came command, "To multiply!"
What multiply alone in sin—
To make of Earth a slaughter pen—
With every foul and hateful thing—
Maelstrom of ghastly suffering!
Aye, their fell teachings made *The Lord*
A Monster—that brave men abhorred!
Great Hungry Souls that cried for Bread
Could not upon such husks be fed,
For Human Flesh, and Blood, and Bone
Despised, they preached as if alone
The Spirit that the CHRIST would save—
And what men loved would find a grave
Of noisomeness and rank decay

From whence Love shrinking—fled away—
Without one hope to see once more
The flesh so sweet to them in yore;
They left the flesh without a hope
They preached a CHRIST of narrow scope—
A narrow minded CHRIST who laid
His ban on Laughter—who displayed
In every action a harsh mind
By petty thoughts and acts confin'd—
A Grim faced melancholy KING—
Until Strong Souls gave questioning:—

“Did CHRIST but die to save a few
Then quickly from the World withdrew
Holding abhorrent Earthly things;
To come at last on Angel’s wings
To gather men around His throne—
Calling a paltry few His own!
Baffled, in maledictions ire
Would set this sin cursed World afire—
Scatter to empty space smoke dust—
And then retire in deep disgust
To His high Heaven—and see the place
He had prepared for Human Race
An empty Palace—for the few
Brought back, indeed, a sorry crew!
While Hell was filled to overflow
Uncountable in their grim woe;
In such returning to His place,
Confusion mantled on His face
And every orb in space could see
JEHOVAH’s sad Humility!

For by such acts would He not own
That Satan's power had overthrown
JEHOVAH's purposes—made void
His wisdom—had destroyed
In vile confusion His grand plan—
For there had not been born one man
Perfect or Holy on the Earth—
Rank failure every human birth!
No man begat a perfect child—
On whom JEHOVAH could have smiled."
For vain the craft schoolmen try
By circulating Devil's lie
To prove that CHRIST—THE PERFECT MAN
Fulfilled indeed JEHOVAH's plan!
For 'twas to *man* the Grand behest
To multiply—'twas GOD's request—
His mandate, and His Sovereign will—
A wish that no man did fulfill!
For THE LORD CHRIST indeed unique—
(In humble reverence to speak.)
Born of a woman—of her seed—
And of a Father took no heed!

So on this Last Day on His Throne
JEHOVAH to the World must own
His great and final overthrow!
Satan, Majestic—wrapped in woe,
In blight, in darkness everything
And stood alone the Conquering King,
Who all JEHOVAH's strength defied!
In fact had proved—JEHOVAH lied—
The Workmanship HE wrought—"Not Good"!

'Twere as JEHOVAH pouting stood
As a spoiled urchin—who in ire
Set the old football then on fire—
As to destroy all evidence—
To send the various gases thence
To empty voids, to outer space
As thus to hide HIS deep disgrace!
Tho' Risen Saints how often came
Upon their cheeks the blush of shame
That they GOD's teaching did despise,
And preaching, taught the Devil's lies!
Then to their eyes the blessed tears,
That tho' they wronged HIM in past years,
THE CHRIST was mercifully sweet
To all their errings—and their feet
From earthly failures clean and white —
HE, a Rejoicing to their sight.

And, aye, perchance, when often they
Met some soul they once led astray
Upon the Earth with teachings void,
Thus Earthly usefulness destroyed,
Would meekly clasp such hands and say:
"Forgive us for that yesterday!"
But ever loving eyes they met,
And gentle hand clasp: "pray forget!"
For CHRIST's forgiveness had control—
And Love supreme in every Soul!

Lo, 'twas not Palestine alone—
O'er all the World sin overthrown,
For at the coming of THE KING

Earth cleansed from Sin and suffering.
 The vast World had a wondrous change,
 Vast Continents, and mountain range,
 Took on new shapes—from Ocean's bed
 New Continents had lifted head—
 So in this glorious second birth
 Was born a wonderful new Earth,
 For renovating fire and flame
 Had rid the World of curse and shame.
 And now no longer desert waste
 A fruitful soil the sands replaced,
 The very mountains fruitful stood
 Changed by the earthquake and fire flood.
 Stretches for grain, and lofty wood,
 And fruit trees mingled mid the trees
 Where once but forest sighed in breeze,
 Fruit trees which grew without men's care
 With fruit abundant, luscious, rare,
 Fruit shrubs in solitary place
 Gave food to win the human face.

And springs of water everywhere—
 No more of thirst in grim despair
 For water, water blessed the eye
 Where ever went the passer by.
 Now men across the World could go
 And never single thought bestow
 Of what to eat—for Nature's store
 Provided something ever more,
 Though all the seasons they could meet
 In any spot, something to eat.
 Brambles and briars, thistles, weeds,

No more the Earth such curses breeds,
Now grass, and grain, and flowers grew,
Wild flowers of most gracious hue,
In heights and hollows—every place
Men did not need for tilling space.
The whole wide World in its new dress
Land of Desire and Loveliness—
No stagnant water—place of mire—
Breeding disease and fever fire,
Whence insects with malicious bite
Come forth to torture men at night.

And new fresh Islands in the Sea
Without blight on their scenery,
Where pleasure boat was safe to come
For storms and hurricanes were dumb;
And even children spread the sail
Unfearing of rough spoken gale,
E'en child's boat on the waters glide
Nor fear the ebb and flow of tide.
Surely the Isles like gems on sea,
Their coves, and beach, and harbors be,
All very beautiful to see;

The tropics verdure—stately trees
Of bread fruit, palms, with perfumed breeze,
Made a delightful canopy,
Where no obnoxious thing may be;
Now not afraid of serpent hiss
For mortals ne'er deemed now amiss
The near approach of serpent's glide,
No poison fangs in mouths abide,
All harmless, coiling at one's feet;

Nor any beast of prey to meet,
 For at the Coming of THE KING
 No savage claw, nor tooth, nor sting,
 Each creature changed—no beast of prey,
 Of bird, of fish, nor insect pest;
 Lo, one and all did man obey
 And all his mastery confessed—
 All creatures now surely CHRIST Blest.

A fruitful Earth—but still men's toil
 Must plow, and seed, and reap the soil,
 And man had still great work to do—
 Rivers to bridge—wilds to subdue —
 And roads to make—and dwellings build,
 To shape, to beautify, to guild,
 For grace and art went hand in hand
 With all the toilers in the land.
 And now the Human strove to gain
 The best conception of the brain,
 So art and craft strove for the best.
 Their buildings centuries would test
 As all could live a thousand years,
 None built for less than centuries;
 Of wreck of fortunes had no fears,
 For staple now would all things be,
 Nor fluctuating chance of time
 Unless the being courted crime.

No Cities now were overgrown—
 Of slums and alleys there were none—
 Each man possessed his own fireside—
 And crowded tenements denied—

Each home had ample space of ground
Where flowers and bushes may surround,
Plenty of air, and light to give
The people chance to truly live.
Vast concentrations not allowed
Where human, like to cattle, crowd,
And so breed want and miseries—
Few Cities:—villages one sees
Scattered more plentiful, where men
Could cheerful boon companion win.
Tho' some in solitary waste
The wild, free open life would taste,
For all were free to come and go—
Earth would to each one bread bestow.
Now he who followed plowshare knew
The future had a golden hue,
For as he sowed, so should he reap,
God would indeed His promise keep
Nor blight, nor rust, nor mildew hold
Their ban—and blast the ears of gold.
No Human Being trusting God
Had turned in vain the gracious sod,
And never came a harvest time
In any land, in any clime,
The laughing reaper did not hold
In rich reward a hundred fold!
The grand luxuriant uplands ran
Before the laughing gaze of man
A wilderness of fruitfulness—
Where not one weed waved fatal tress
To scatter to the wind its seed
As in the olden time, to breed

And grow obnoxious making spoil
 Of men and giving bitter toil.
 Now man was blest for toiling pains,
 The early and the latter rains
 Never had failed since CHRIST came back,
 No bleak winds followed plowshare's track,
 Each knew when it was time to sow
 The seed—so surely did he know
 Spring rains would come at such a date,
 And then no spot stood desolate
 Of shoot, of blade—and not one seed
 Refused to answer to man's need.
 There was no fear that storm would sweep
 High revelry and make men weep
 In bitterness of heart to see
 His sowing but a mockery!
 No fear that blade—e'er came the head
 Burned crisp and brown by sun o'er head,
 No fear of blasted stalk—faith sees
 Silk tassels floating in the breeze,
 Nor harbours thought at early morn
 That waving fields of tasseled corn,
 Which soft winds kissed caressingly,
 Whispering of harvest yet to be,
 Would e'er the sun sank to the West
 See hail storm sweep the field's broad breast,
 And smite as if with cruel hands
 The laugh of plenty from all lands.
 And in an hour, or less, had left
 The farmers of all hope bereft!
 'Twould seem as if Satanic power
 Had drank his harvest in an hour.

No beast of burden toiled in vain,
Now feed at will from winnowed grain,
So fruitful was the gracious land,
Pouring such increase to the hand,
Men could afford the richest feast
Of golden grain to every breast;
Now no neglect of creature need,
No stinging lash, no cruel deed,
For not an animal but gave
To man obedience—not as slave—
But with a joyful willingness—
They knew that man had power to bless,
And gladly did his power confess!
E'en wild beasts of the wilderness
Acknowledged man—their Lord and King—
And not a bird upon the wing
But to man's call obedient flew—
The Condor, and the sea Curlew
Turned their swift flight to his behest.
The Earth, The Sea, The Air, confess'd
That man, all absolute, held sway,
And not an insect did display
Aught but contentment at such reign
Since The LORD CHRIST came back again.

And surely 'tis not dream in vain
That a pure language once again,
And human lips spoke but one speech
No man another had to teach
A Foreign language—every land
Had speech that all could understand—
The language Noah used of old

E'er curse of Babel on men roll'd,
And rent the human far apart;
For Babel's wickedness at heart
Would fain destroy THE LORD's edict—
That they should scatter o'er the lands!
But they ignoring such commands
Would herd together, build a tower
That if again a flood did lower,
And storm sweep down, there would be place
To shelter there some of the Race.
They treated as if never heard
The gracious, comfortable word
Of promise by JEHOVAH given—
His bow set in the clouds of Heaven—
That never should be Flood again!
And so distrust of GOD their sin,
So on their madness did inflict
Curse of confusion in their speech,
Split up in families and tribes,
Lo, none among them could be scribes
One family the other teach,
And mighty fear fell on them all—
For when a friend would on friend call
Each thought the other was amazed—
Each family was sore amazed—
And gathering goods, made eager haste,
To flee away to distant waste.
And thus came Nations—scattered far
To live and thrive—'til hate and war
With passing years—and curse of sin
Made enemies of Brethren—
Thus hatred did vast Kingdom win.

So Babel stood a monument
Where frustrated man's proud intent
To be a solid, strong compact
Against JEHOVAH's will to act,
Forsaken, wrecked upon the plain,
A ruined purpose, built in vain.

So in the CHRIST's Returning Day
Think you 'tis vain that one should say—
Tongues of confusion pass away
And CHRIST restore one speech again,
And so redress curse of The Plain.

And may we hold another plea
Tho' faint the words in Book may be—
So we would not in boldness state—
But surely 'twould all hearts elate
If sign of human servitude
Would ne'er again on eyes intrude,
And Ethiopian lifted hands
Not vainly seen in Afric's lands—
Her scattered mighty multitude
Hear CHRIST sweet word: "*Behold, 'tis good!*"

Lo, now a miracle most strange
Some Races had a gracious change—
A miracle before men's eyes
None dare dispute, and none despise:
Men were no more—brown, yellow, dark,
But as came Forebears from The Ark
One color all the Human Race—
O'er all wide world—same colored face!

No servile Race—all equal stood
As they were e'er destroying Flood.
And by this change—equality!
For, lo, the Sons of Ham now be
Without the curse of servitude—
No more despised—a lower brood;
The Hamites once more took high course
Revealing character and force
Which made them great in early days—
When Pioneers new pathways blaze—
Adventurers of daring brain—
Who in their voyages o'er the main
Left settlements to flourish where
They made the savage places fair.
Japheth and Shem, as seemed, held back—
To Ham was given a wide World track—
'Till Hamites proved themselves to be
Base, mighty in iniquity!
Their cults and wickedness so great
In settlements, in homes, in state,
As eager all to swallow up
The dregs in infamy's dire cup!

As they the GOD OF HEAVEN denied—
Tho' trial days were multiplied—
At last JEHOVAH cast aside,
Let Japheth hold Hamites as slaves,
Making their glorious Cities graves,
Plucked every honor from their hands,
Wasted their glories in far lands,
Made them contemptible to men
Cursed by their folly, pride and sin!

Lo, in the Renovating Time
Out of their sinning, shame and grime,
The Ethiopian lifted hands
Stretched out to CHRIST from all their lands—
Beseechingly to HIM—and He
Forgiving past iniquity—
From curse of slavery set free!
Then Hamites without single stain
Walked amid men, none holding vain,
With equal power and gifts of brain—
Compeers—could highest honor gain.

Lo, now indeed the Earth Was blest
By change of instinct in fell pest—
The poisoning, stinging insects who
Had winged before the human view—
Tho' surely midgets—still the power
To irritate in magic hour
Of man's most sweet felicity—
Where magic waters glory spread—
When leaves of woodland o'er the head—
Where e'er the joyful footsteps went
The beauty of the scene was rent
By song and sting of gnats and flies,
Mosquito's clouds which would arise
And with their torture fret the soul
'Til pleasure's power had lost control
Instead of joy, delight to see,
The insects wrought a misery.

But now all changed, the human race
Found all such insects had their place

Of service to perform—tho' all
 Were shattered by the Human Fall,
 Where once a blessing the intent
 Became an evil instrument,
 But now the change that CHRIST had wrought
 To Earth a gracious Blessing brought.

Lo, now had lost the badge of shame
 Weeds, thorns, and nettles, now became
 As helpmates to the Human life
 No longer now were things of strife
 To fret, and curse a fruitful field,
 And make the harvest times small yield;
 Now, men beheld the old curse be
 A source of sweet felicity—
 So as first said—now saying would
 Human cry out: "Lo, all things good!"

And is it a vain dream to tell
 When THE LORD CHRIST on Earth will dwell
 That subtle Electricity
 The Scavenger on Earth will be—
 Pass as it were a subtle wind,
 And as a reaper sheaves may bind,
 So all things drooping to decay
 Invisible, shall pass away
 As gases—blessing every day—
 So all things fresh, and strong, and sweet,
 Wherever trod the human feet—
 Destroying all that bred disease
 Electric power of mysteries.

"Only a weed!" you say to me,
A beautiful, frail thing to see,
Yet can most dainty artisan
By his gray matter thinking plan
Such little weed to emulate—
'Twas flower changed to a weed by fate—
Lo, when THE CHRIST returns again
This weed, by cultivating men,
Will its old beauty then disclose—
Make weed more fair than any rose—
Perfection to the utmost—full—
Of all the flowers most beautiful:
For all the weeds had glorious birth
And in the Renovating Earth
Those changed flowers who the curse had borne,
Which once man hated to dire scorn,
Be blest, rescued from sin's disgrace,
Resume again more royal place
Than theirs before, when Earth is blest
By CHRIST in HIS Sabbatic rest.

Nor shall it be a slavish time —
(Tho' void of war, and strife, and crime),
CHRIST no taskmaster with a whip
Manhood to hold in terror's grip,
Men free to act, to plan, to dare,
On sea, on land, in atmosphere;
Nature still an unconquered land
For man subduing and command,
To wrest God's secrets hidden deep;
Men still must sow if they would reap.
CHRIST thrust men forth as men—not boys—

To win their own—not hand them toys
 To please their fancy—wanting men
 CHRIST sent them forth to work, to win—
 To make of each a Lord, a King,
 Subduing every Earthly thing.

CHRIST the Ideal of all men—
 And all, and each, did strive to win
 His sweet approval and His praise—
 Ambition of these latter days
To be like HIM in all their ways!
 The Ruling Wish in every mind
 The betterment of human kind,
 The Strife for Riches now held vain—
 Men strove not hourly to obtain
 That which would make all men despise—
 And all abhorrent in CHRIST's eyes,
 For greed of Gold the lowest aim—
 And such an one was put to shame.
 Now work a pleasure—with a sigh
 The tool of toil was oft put by;
 And now to all men's eyes 'twas plain
 How former ages toiled in vain
 The hours that leisure should have known.
 For Greed—and cursed Greed alone
 Kept fellow mortals to a crust—
 Ragged—and crushed down to the dust.
 For was the Law of CHRIST Supreme
 No so called Iridescent dream—
 Then want and wretchedness had hurled
 Their darts in vain upon the world.
 If hours of toil had shortened space,

The laughter had her lawful place,
Then none be poorer for the hours
That resting hand plucked wayside flowers,
And earthly wealth no less would be
From master's generosity.
In fact beneath too long a strain
Of many an hour of service vain,
That had the gracious rest been given
As was intended by High Heaven
The shortened hours had given rich spoil
Undreamed of by extended toil.

Lawyers—Physicians ! What were they !
The children ask in this glad day—
For such vocations now were void.
The LORD CHRIST coming had destroyed
The Springs of Evil from whence flew
King Sickness and His Ghastly Crew,
Who held o'er Earth wild revelry
In olden times—then eyes may see
The millions wracked by wanton glee
Of that grim, gruesome Company,
Who night and day wild revel held ;
The Purest—Richest—were compelled
To helpless stand while this mad crew
The black flag in their faces flew,
Hissing full venom in each face ;
No nation, race, nor clime, nor place,
But captive ever in the hand
Of that tormenting, whirling Band ;
The Babe, the child, the youth, proud man,
The woman fair—nor could age plan

To hold this troop of Plagues at bay—
 Unlimitable was their sway;
 They scoffed at Emperors and Kings —
 The shadow of their awful wings
 Made mighty armies melt away
 As thistledown, or ocean spray;
 The Bride may smile and look her best
 But e'er Love clasps her to his breast
 Red lips are Kissed by Plagues—love's eyes
 Sees what it shrinks from and despise;
 In vain were prayers and vain were cries,
 The Heaven above seem leaden skies
 That shut out GOD—and let this crew
 Triumphant their wild wills to do;
 If checked sometimes for little space
 They ne'er were beaten in that race,
 Science may bar them for few hours
 And press back the repellent powers,
 With mocking laughter they could wait
 Well knowing neither wall, nor gate,
 Could bar them from the victims long—
 While waiting carol reckless song:—
*"Man hides in vain no matter where—
 And woman sweet, and fresh, and fair,
 At last must as our victims be!
 By fair, by foul, unwillingly,
 They may live virtuous or fast—
 But to our arms they come at last."*

Thank CHRIST—all such have passed away!
 Now Manhood stands supreme today
 With Royal Health from head to toe,

Life's current never runneth slow,
But steady, strong pulsations beat
Sound Soul, Sound Bodies, both complete.

A Lawyer! Useless! Love Supreme—
No use for brain to plot and scheme
To wrong a neighbor any more—
E'er they proceeded, at their door
Stood Risen Saint to warn the man
Who dared to wrong, to plot or plan,
If he persisted in such ways
One hundred years would end his days.
So when two persons ever thought
One suffered wrong—they quickly sought
The judgment Hall, where Risen Saints
At all times listened to complaints,
They judged each cause unerringly.
No matter who disputants be
No Lawyer here allowed to plead
To quibble, browbeat, intercede,
Nor twist, nor turn, nor make a lie
As sweet as Truth—This Judge's eye
Read of each heart—and read it well—
Wrong judgment was impossible
Before the Court of Risen Kings—
Lawyers indeed were useless things!

An age without philanthropy!
For in the Wide World none could see
An Hospital—Infirmity—
Nor home for helpless infancy—
Homes for old age—nor charity—

CHRIST with the one sweep of the hand
Brushed such away from every land.
With Sin came want to Human kind—
Now Sin was conquered, none may find
A single being without bread
And not in charity one fed!
No sickness wasted human powers,
By Daily Labor of short hours
Each mortal won a competence,
Not for the Future—but To Day—
The passing hour brought no suspense
Of faith in trusting that alway
The Daily Bread would alway cheer—
So faced the Future without fear—
And never hoarding for the day
When want would goulsh face display.
No saving of the stalk or rind;
No Trust on any human kind;
No mendicant in any land;
CHRIST gave to each with open hand.
Churls not now called Liberal Men
Who questionable fortune win,
And then give with a lavish hand
As if they very Gods did stand,
The gold they wrested from another,
From not so quick of brain a brother
By slippery tricks and sleight of hand,
Scatter their gold across the land
Schools—Houses of Research—to be
Their monuments—Philanthropy!
(And even now THE CHRIST lips curl,
He calls such giver but a churl,

And promises in latter day
The poor shall not be such men's prey.)

Lo, as no sickness—no research,
No germs that could the human smirch,
No Poverty that bread could aid,
No strikes, no glut of market trade,
No panics by the crafty made,
No rich men, for no millionaire
Could breathe with CHRIST the selfsame air,
For useless piling up of wealth
Whether by lucky find or stealth,
For men no more in selfishness
Some product of the Earth possess
With letters patent—right of law—
For on CHRIST's Statute Books none saw
Where property had sacred right
To bar the human from delight
Of sharing nature—once hid gift
Of silver, of gold bearing rift;
No buying up of fancy sites,
No grabbing of great water rights;
No dummies taking up a claim
Selling for song to men who aim
To purchase land for Future gain;
Of Forests rob Humanity
Of gracious wealth of stealthy tree—
God's seasons brought from budding time,
'Til stood a forest tree sublime
In stately grandeur—glorious thing
Round which for Centuries did sing
The varied winds of changing song,

Where squirrels on broad branches throng,
And birds mid branches builded nest —
Trees which long centuries did test
All manfully the shrieking storm—
And at each morning shook its form
With thankfulness for rising sun—
Blessing for what LORD CHRIST had done !

No widows, and no orphans now,
No mourning on the back, nor brow,
Unless for open sinful Sire
Who coveted a fell desire,
And warned oft' times many times,
Yet still persistent in such crimes,
And therefore CHRIST withdrew HIS grace
And blotted him from Human Race.
None died for many centuries.
And surely it doth my mind please
To think that when CHRIST comes to reign
The human this boon will obtain,
In heeding CHRIST's and Nature's laws,
In full one thousand years no cause
That any one on Earth shall die—
Then none will hear a widow's cry,
No orphans with a tear or sigh !

Nor do I deem long centuries
Bring bended back or shaking knees,
No aged creatures, no decay
Of flesh and blood from yesterday,
But stalwart both in flesh and mind
Nor one decaying brain to find,

But intellect of vaster vision,
No butt for sneer nor for derision
Of younger brain—or tongue too pert—
Mind ever broadening—and alert—
Spirit in daily knowledge growing
From sun, and shade, and winds a blowing,
CHRIST ever Blessings rare bestowing.

No savings bank for rainy day—
Denying self to put away
A penny, shilling, or a pound,
So that when age its tocsins sound
One hugs the balance at the bank;
Each eaten loaf, each cup when drank,
Though many years most meager been,
Pinch here and there, more shabby seen
The dress—to pile up little store
To keep old age from workhouse door!
Now thank THE CHRIST such days are dead,
And it will never more be said—
"She, He too old—give them their time!"
As if old age the deepest crime
Humanity could e'er commit!
Thank CHRIST we have no more of it,
Now age brings honor not disgrace,
Robbing of pittance and of place
The toiling ones who gave their prime
For pittance that enabled not
(If they keep hand a free from crime)
To keep above a pauper's lot!
Lo, now beneath the Christly reign
Such times can never come again,

Old age not humbled in the dust
 To beg for cellar, and bread crust,
 But neath CHRIST's graciousness of hand
 Amid the greatest of the land
 Go forth an equal right to share
 The World's joys—no matter where—
 'Tis each man's right—not charity—
 To share the goods of land and sea !
 Home without mortgage—without rent,
 Home where dwells plenty and content,
 Home without sickness in the bed,
 Home where none need be comfortèd,
 Homes not of children desolate,
 Homes never left with single mate,
 Homes of rich gladness and of cheer,
 Homes without sorrow, grief or tear,
 Homes where would often come as guest
 THE CHRIST by whom all Homes were blest !
 Of old GOD's Holy Laws made void,
 For women had themselves destroyed
The ground plan of Humanity—
That man must the procurer be
For woman's wants! Ah, when too late,
 When home fires sad and desolate,
 When weary with their bitter toil
 They from False leaders did recoil,
 Cursing such long and bitterly,
 For women old could plainly see,
 Such liberty brought fell disgrace
 And bitter curse to Human Race.

Thank GOD, such things are past away—

And now in CHRIST's sweet Blessed Day
 The Husband stands with loyal heart
 To take indeed the Freeman's part,
 Toiling with honesty and pride
 So that he could indeed provide
 For every want of household sweet,
 The wants of dress, and drink, and meat.
 Lo, woman takes again home place,
 And thinks it is not a disgrace
 To go about the household care
 With song in heart, and not despair.
 And women now no longer tread
 The store or office for their bread—
 The home is woman's rightful place—
 Thank God, from earth is swept disgrace
 Of women toiling for her bread.

Man stands Supreme the Household's Head—
 But at his side an Helpmate stands
 With loving eyes and tender hands—
 The Twain are One in hope, in aim,
 And gone forever the vile shame
 Of Women toiling hard to win
 The bread for idle, shiftless men.

Thank God, no longer one may hear
 Shrill, piercing whistles on the ear
 E'er morning breaks—oft e'er the dawn—
 The night's grim curtains had withdrawn,
 Labor's harsh multiplying screams
 Woke little children from their dreams —
 Dreams that made even them to smile

Forgetting Life a little while—
But then the grim reality
Rushes on wan eyes that but see
The narrow walls with mildew spread —
The swallowing of slops, black bread—
The shambling, stumbling, naked feet
Adown the sloppy miry street,
As felon's footsteps under lash—
Clothes ragged with the grimy splash
Of mud and filth—to see them go
Souls spawned within the womb of woe
And vomited upon An Earth
Who seemed to loath them from their birth!
They enter mines and factories
Banished from sunlight—pleasant breeze—
All things that make the living sweet;
It were as Giant 'neath shod feet
Trampled such mud—no flesh were they
But something God had thrown away—
Marred in the making—Gnats and Flies
Who sported in the summer skies
Were queens and Kings compared to those
Round which grim poverty would close
Its fatal net—let victims see
Through meshes of grim poverty
The world was very beautiful!
To such as could their senses lull
With all the gracious, pleasant things,
Life with a reckless splendor flings
To a few favored mortals' hands—
As if the Glories of all Lands
Were for the few—while others toil

Like beasts of burden on the soil,
 Unfed, unclad from birth to death,
 And never once draw freeman's breath,
 But slave of some one better off
 Who listless to their cries will scoff,
 Or scorn, or with indifference—
 As if: "*Ho, Dogs! now get ye hence
 If ye like not the bone I fling
 To feed ye! For your suffering
 Sent by mysterious Providence,
 So ye should have the common sense
 To take such as the master deems
 Enough for ye—Hush up your screams
 And go the way which GOD marked out
 For you and yours. The hungry mouth
 Is better filled by scanty fare
 Than if no bread had entered there—
 Contentment in your lot should be
 The best boon to all poverty!*"

In hours they should have been asleep
 From scanty coverlets would creep
 The blighted buds of infancy!
 On whose wan features one may see
 The blighting curse of poverty,
 To hear them crying for more rest,
 To see them driven from home nest,
 Wan fledglings with their tattered rags;
 Woe worth the little foot that lags
 Arriving at the factory gate,
 For dire indeed the words, "*too late,*"
 A blow, perchance—and oft the fine

That eats the pittance of their toil;
 Or driven to swell the wistful line
 Of idlers, who dejected stand
 With sinking heart, and trembling hand,
 Who feel around their footsteps coil
 The slimy serpent of distress—
 Life was an awful bitterness!

And, aye, the infants know full well
 When they go home such tale to tell—
 A blow, a curse, and words of hate,
 Abuse that tongue may not relate
 From parents, poverty had made
 As soulless beasts—infants afraid
 Of their own Mother!—Infants wail—
 Surely JEHOVAH's throne assail
 For Centuries their little cries
 Grew thunder tone and smote the skies:
*"Hast thou not heard, O pitying God!
 Your Worlds are huge, and vast, and broad,
 And filled to plenty—yet men's greed
 Would make the little ones to lead
 A life of wretchedness and pain—
 To grasp a wee more mite of gain!"*

This was the age of common sense,
 The curse of lazy indolence,
 Of idle fashion, and pretense,
 Had passed away—and Honest Toil
 Stood kingly with its wealth of spoil,
 And hand and brain in working hour
 Wrought with a swiftness and a power

Of Giants—of no ills afraid.
A gladsome heartedness that made
The World a pleasure shop, where men
Could health, and wealth, and honor win;
For now indeed no weary hours
With want and pain—the reigning powers
To hold men in the lesh—to give
But a bare pittance—just to live
When grim necessity in scorn
Lashed the bare back from night to morn
Made the soul sick—in dire distress—
So that men in their wretchedness
Ground teeth—and from their heart had gushed
A venom that would fain have crushed
Their task masters—how oft' their thought
Deep in heart's chamber vainly sought
To find a reason why that God
Smote them as with a scorpion rod!
Aye, and in bitter solitude
Of their heart's anguish came the mood
Of evil cunning—aye, could they
But for one instant make their prey
Of this God—if they could but creep
With tiger stealth in one Swift leap
Upon Him—where in joyfulness
He watched and laughed at their distress;
Could they but creep as beasts of prey
On this God—growing old and grey—
Prating He ever loved to bless
In His majestic wickedness—
To set their teeth in glut on him,
Would they not tear him limb from limb,

'And crush and trample 'neath their feet
 With savage scorn, and grinding teeth,
 And make Him feel some of the pain
 They wallowed in—in His cursed Reign!

Alas, that it was possible
 That in man's brain this thought of Hell
 Should find a place of blossoming,
 Or that such thought should ever cling
 One instant to the human brain
 That God delights, or wills our pain!
*(O weary soul, remember still
 God may permit—but does not will
 A single pang to rend the soul!
 Now Sin and Death have strange control,
 But in The Coming time will HE
 Unravel all Life's mystery,
 And show why HE permitted Sin
 A little time of triumph win—
 Then all things will be clear and plain
 And we shall say: "'Twas not in vain!"
 'Till then, O Soul, put hands on lips
 Nor suffer Faith to have eclipse,
 Trust HIM—and put in HIS thine hand—
 Shape thy desire to HIS command—
 And all thine Earthly suffering
 Will make of Thee a Priest and King.)*

Now could the Ancient Mockers see
 Fulfilled Isaiah's prophecy,
 The Scientist, and Hoary Sage
 Of eld laughed at CHRIST's Golden age—

Their volumes, and their lectures smiled,
 With pity on this simple child
 Of Israel's youth—they held as vain
 The simple language of his strain.
 They held to nature's sterner law—
 That nature fashioned beak and claw
 To rend and break, to clutch, to tear,
 And that the victim's wild despair
 Appointed to that direful end,
 That birds did pluck, that beast did rend,
 Because that nature made them so
 To fill the world with death and woe—
 Survival of the Fittest—shown
 The Universal Law alone.
 With proud disdain—and lofty pride
 They thrust the Jewish Book aside,
 They spat in scorn on every page;
 Why should the myths of early age
 Hold them in swaddling clothes—the Race
 Had boldly stepped to manhood's place—
 And Reason with divining rod
Pointed to Man—the Reigning God.

Thank CHRIST—His Age had no such fools
 To guide the youth, and head the schools,
 No Text Book now to fill young mind
 With foolish matter—none can find
 A Text Book with a single lie!
 None now The Truths of CHRIST deny—
 Earth's secrets hid from men of yore
 Now stood as open book before—
 Lo, knowledge now a Holy thing—

And children's books a living spring
 Wherein to drink—learn Nature's laws —
 Ah, all were perfect without flaws!
Guesses, surmises—never be
Pronounced Profound Philosophy!

Philosopher! high sounding name—
 How anxious men to grasp that fame
 In the Earth-Age oft' sorry crew—
 The further mind from CHRIST withdrew
 The more *that* mind was held profound!
 Oft' Reasoning mystifying sound
 Stringing together large fine phrase,
 Tho' why their yes, and why their nays,
 Their best disciples never knew,
 Yet still grand consolation drew
 From the intricacy of speech,
 Puzzled the mind where to the reach,
 The meaning never very clear—
 But, ah, euphonious to the ear!
 In one word half the alphabet
 Such mind before they never met!
 As dark to them as is the sea,
 Or pool where devil fish may be
 Spewing his inky fluid so
 The gazer ne'er the depth could know,
 So many big, fat words must be
 Golden, acute philosophy!

Ah, then the Real Geology!
 No more of brilliant guesses be,
 We now examine things all mute

And know at last truth absolute—
The wondrous story of the Earth
How its creation, how its birth,
If sudden by flash of His Thought—
Or in long ages was it brought
To present stages : all around
In starry heights there may be found
Worlds that come forth as with a bound
E'er as He spake had died the sound
Of voice—and rolling on, complete
In splendid glory at His feet.
While others came by slow degrees
As He had nursed them on His knees
From spiral gas—to World complete
With verdure of all kinds replete.
Now which the greatest miracle
The long drawn out—or one that fell
From fingers in the circling space?
Both burst of Glory to His face!
So now no longer mystery
Earth's dwellers can around them see
The present stages—ancient rift
Of rock, of mountain, and ice drift ;
Now rent aside once covering pall,
We by His teachings learning all
The secrets of the Earth, sun, stars,
For naught such knowledge now debar—
No Hypothegue with sneering face
Brand Moses as with lies disgrace —
We learn the truth, which cannot fail,
Creation's story in detail !

I like to picture in my mind
 THE LOVER of the human kind,
 THE GODHEAD veiled, go to and fro—
 Sweet blessings of HIS grace bestow.
 Tho' THE OMNIPOTENT—yet fain
 The contact personal obtain
 As man to man, as friend to friend,
 In graciousness will condescend
 To visit them of low degree.
 Surely oft' times HIS footsteps be
 In what we now call Heathen place,
 The lowest, most benighted race,
 E'en then O'ERWHELMING LOVE could find
 Some one all backward in the mind,
 And for such pupil, teacher prove,
 With patient, tenderness of love,
 Awake the slow soul, arouse heart,
 With the most consummative art
 Touch larger vision unto life,
 Cut as it were with surgeon's knife
 The shrunken, tendons marring flesh
 Which held wild life as in a mesh.

None knowing who may teacher be—
 Dreamed not THE PRINCE OF DEITY
 Awakened soul to higher things,
 Gave caterpillar golden wings
 To quit the grovellings of Earth,
 To flash in sunlight with new birth,
 Roam 'mid the flowers, seek the air
 Of Summer's healthier atmosphere,
 A thing to be admired and praised.

So oft' times CHRIST the humblest raised
 By touch of personality,
 That ever more 'twas good to see
 This almost new created one,
 (When THE ALL BLESSED ONE had gone,)
 As lover blush to hear CHRIST's name,
 See in his eyes how flashing came
 Of pure delight and perfect joy,
 Great happiness without alloy,
 As he the gracious story told—
 Tale on his lip that ne'er grew old.

Visits insooth diversified—
 For many a time HE stood beside
 The young Inventor, who in dreams
 Conceived as in foreshadowing gleams
 The vast invention which should be
 Free boon to all humanity!
 This one oft' baffled in the mind—
 Sometimes he was so near to find
 The missing point to set all free
 And make the dream reality:
 Oft' disappointing failure came—
 Some little touch, he may not name
 In all his gropings comprehend—
 And so retard the desired end.
 From time to time—THE ONE came near
 Inventor's failing heart to cheer,
 A cheery word—a hint of praise—
 The drooping spirit just to raise,
 The hoping for a coming day
 When cobwebs would be brushed away

From eyes, and the Inventor see
His dream burst to reality.

So LOVE to cheer the heart would come
At various times—yet ever dumb
As to the point which was amiss—
But holding back the happiness
Until Inventor had confessed
The failure of his very best!
And as he sat alone in room
His spirits shrouded in deep gloom,
A failure frowned at every center—
With noiseless footsteps LOVE would enter.
As fire of hope died from the eye,
And thoughts all crushed which once flew high,
'Twas then that LOVE would draw anigh
And touch some point in the invention—
The vital spot—not with intention
To rob Inventor of the glow
Of satisfaction to bestow
On mankind blessing—hint so fine
'Twas hard Inventor to define
How came the thought which surely won
The End of that so well begun,
As quickly flashed unto the brain
The hint of winning to obtain;
Behold, he saw nail print in hand —
Lo, then his heart did understand
Who was his Visitor—ah, meet
To kneel and kiss the sandaled feet.

Inventions now not private gain—

What ever gift did man obtain
 Of cunning, and of vaster brain,
 'Twas for the Race! No copyright
 Of anything man may indite;
 No patent right monopoly,
 No matter what Inventions be
 They were not for Creator's use
 But free to all—a gift let loose
 To all who may desire to choose —
 For mankind's profit, not abuse.

Lo, CHRIST's Free Gifts diversified—
 The Highest Gifts to Special men—
 Who did not in their own right win
 Gifts, that to others are denied,
 Simply CHRIST's Pleasure, and Good Grace,
 To choose some of the Human Race
 For Gifts Imperial—given then
 For service to their fellow men.
 'Tis woe to them who use amiss
 Such gift, oft' used like Judas' kiss
 But The High Giver to betray—
 Thus other mortals lead astray.

Tho' men the objects of CHRIST's Love,
 Yet man for his own self must prove
 He was the master of Earth's things,
 He gave not man a seraph's wings
 To win Earth's secrets without toil;
 Nay, knowledge was like glittering spoil
 Which man all strenuous enjoy,
 All faculties of mind employ—

Win the fruition of success,
 Man should be master and no less.
 Each Earthly knowledge he must gain
 By grit, hard labor to obtain,
 No "mollycoddling" as if child
 On whom a foolish Mother smiled
 And ever keep at apron string,
 So make a characterless thing:
 Nay, those who higher knowledge court
 With dainty feet could not cavort
 With dancing to the chambers grand,
 It was no gift of fairy hand.

CHRIST rained not knowledge from the skies,
 So babe and youth became as wise
 As those who worked with manhood's prime,
 'Twas now, as in the ancient time.
 The human learned by line and line,
 Here a little—there a little—
 Learning from each jot and tittle—
 Knowledge like a golden wine
 Refresh and satisfy by sips,
 Youth learning yet from teacher's lips,
 For knowledge burst not in full flower,
 'Twas first the bud with sun and shower,
 Each day by learning instinct rose
 To blush at last—the splendid Rôse:
 So child and youth held in restraint
 Nor in an instant burst to saint—
 The boy still boy—the youth still youth—
 So slowly, daily won the Truth.

No more the humblest man deplore
 The want of money—little store—
 So closed was learning's golden door—
 All now had opportunity,
 The upward path was broad and free,
 And step by step his will could climb
 To vistas vast, grand and sublime,
 If he had grit, sufficient will,
 Could suck of knowledge to his fill.

Not now in Mercy that HE strayed
 To City or to hamlet shade—
 But just for intercourse, HIS feet
 Healthy Humanity to meet,
 Hear from their lips their hopes, their cares,
 HIS human heart to meet with theirs.

Holden men's eyes when HE drew nigh—
 The GOD-HEAD men did not espy—
 A friendly stranger to their sight.

Sometimes companioned—oft' alone—
 HE moved mid humans all unknown,
 Tho' Risen Saints saw HIM and knew
 Saluted not—knew HE withdrew
 From all HIS following to be
 A man amid humanity.

Oft' HE came near, talked, and withdrew,
 And that same person never knew
 That they had spoken to THE LORD:
 But afterwards—some parting word

Came up as flash—then they knew well
That they had seen IMMANUEL!

Perchance, with Husbandman in field
Spoke of the sowing and the yield,
Asked questions as HE knowledge sought,
Questions that Questioned One had thought
Revealed an ignorance in speech,
And he half pitying did teach
With simplest words, tried to explain
How fullness from man's labor gain:
E'er Stranger thanked and turned away
Some trifling hint would Stranger say,
New—bordering on the commonplace—
But like a burr clung on the mind,
In after meditation find
That Stranger's knowledge did impart,
Which to the subject, seemed the heart
From which a change of working sent—
A harvest of more vast intent!

Oft' with some Florist of keen mind—
Flower love—ambition was combined—
That he for hidden secrets sought,
So quick to learn what others taught,
But mind stretched out—a voyager be
To wrest a new discovery,
Simply for love of flowers—not gain—
Not notoriety obtain;
But in his heart a pure delight
To bring new colors to men's sight
All glorious in variety,

That all men may new beauty see!
 To such HE loved to draw anear,
 For mid all glories which appear
 In the vast Worlds—I deem the flowers
 Called forth HIS most creative powers,
 And that THE CHRIST, since first were made,
 Loved color schemes, in flowers displayed.

So as to man HE drew anigh—
 Heard of long labors—and the sigh—
 That such and such impossible!
 Lo, then some hint from CHRIST's lips fell
 The words: "*Try such*," and went away.
 And coming at a later day
 Beheld how hint was put to use,
 Most surely Florist was profuse
 In heart thanks, and in reverence,
 For to his mind had flashed the sense
 That his Instructor was THE ONE
 On whom THE GODHEAD rested on!

Surely the art of chemistry
 Had oft' time turned HIS feet, to see
 How men had fared with minds full keen
 To bring forth wonder that had been
 Up to the present hid from men—
 That they in Golden Age could win!
 For something that more precious be
 Than sought by ancient alchemy;
 Changing of gas and elements,
 Until it seems that naught prevents
 The human brain a thousand ways

To win—and gain—Creator's praise.
 Lo, fluids once which ran to waste,
 The rocks, the commonest clay paste,
 Had in them vast variety—
 Yet coalescent—wonders be
 As rare and beautiful to see
 As gems—or pearls from deepest sea!

So here if HE true worth would find—
 Not mere ambition in men's mind—
 One searching for the searching sake,
 The hours from pleasure e'en would take
 To find new combinations—which
 Not self—but others to enrich,
 To show what men deemed commonplace
 Held in its heart a gift of grace,
 So men in wonder could behold
 That riches vast were still untold.

And so retort, blowpipe, and glass,
 And some unsightly common mass
 Beneath HIS fingers changed apace,
 Until before The Chemist's face
 A priceless product, strange and rare,
 More precious e'en than gems stood there.
 When Chemist, wondering, turned around,
 But, lo, no Stranger there was found—
 HE had vanished—so there came
 To heart of Joy—a blush of shame—
 That he had spoken to THE CHRIST
 Yet knew not who with him held tryst.

Surely our heart would linger o'er
 Such acts of love—and oft' deplore
 That our best thought can do no more
 To praise HIM, whom our hearts adore!

Birth Gifts to human still diversified
 The stronger brains were still dispersed
 As Gifts of GOD to human race,
 'Twas no dead level, commonplace
 As each mind cast in selfsame mold,
 Some minds did vaster power unfold—
 But not for selfishness exist
 The strong the weaker should uplift;
 Democracy once dreamed of men
 Will never favor with GOD win,
 As diverse as the leaves will be—
 The vast hosts of Humanity.

In HIS first Earthly ministry
 HIS hastening feet would ever be
 In search of sick humanity,
 (But now vast difference to see—)
 No more the sick, the lame, the blind,
 The fever palsy,—every kind
 Of sickness then would greet man's eyes,
 Now footsteps mid the healthy lies!
 For at HIS coming from Pierced Hands
 Rich blessings fell on all the lands—
 So misery dare not appear,
 The cleansed from sin, new atmosphere,
 Had scattered such, and did efface
 Such curse from all the human race.

Did aught of illness now appear,
 Behold, a Risen Saint came near,
 And at a word the sick were whole,
 All healing in The Saint's control.
 If sickness came from secret sin—
 For still sin's virus was within
 The covered thought, The Risen Saint
 Stood ever near for such a plaint,
 A warning friend to check the shame,
 To out the flicker of sin's flame,
 And so CHRIST's delegated power
 On Earth was seen this golden hour:
 CHRIST when HE walked on Earth, no more
 Saw sickness which HE may deplore,
 For sound of Health Humanity—
 As far as curse of sickness be!

Lo, secrets hidden near and far,
 In depths of Earth and farthest star,
 Brought to men's knowledge the first time—
 Ah, secrets hid in every clime,
 Great wonders at their very feet—
 Here no hypothetical deceit,
 But wonders, startling, new, bizarre,
 In fact the round World everywhere
 A House of Wonder so that men,
 Enchanted, Earth's great wonders win!

But those who found, had work to do,
 The secret came not to the view
So careless ones may grasp and find—
 'Twas patient process of the mind,

Brooding, and oft' the research long,
 The secret oft' times found among
 What men had cast out as refuse,
 From scrap heap—what all men could use—
 And oft' amazement why such prize
 So long was hidden from the eyes.

No burning now of "midnight oil,"
 Each evening brought surcease from toil,
 No night work—that no longer found
 In any place the whole World round—
For all some labor of the day,
 Labor at even' put away
 And homeward turned was every face.
 So men had leisure to display
 Pure love for simple, homely play,
 For none now toiled a servile slave,
 Labor full pay to all men gave,
 So recreation had full meed
 To follow where pure instincts lead
 O'er parks, and water, hills to roam;
 Nor need the housewife stay at home
 O'er household cares to fume or fret,
 For science every want had met
 To make no longer dreary work,
 The household cares did never lurk
 A hindrance, but all may be
 Tho' busy—happy family.
 No longer children sick to keep,
 Mother a wreck from loss of sleep,
 For every child healthy and strong;
 None left behind—all went along

To visit friends—or music hear—
 For no heart burning—nor a tear
 To cloud the hours when all could play
 And have each eve a holiday!

And if from home the sleep hour found
 What joy in camping on the ground,
 For grasses rich a wondrous bed,
 And fruit anear to hunger fed,
 With never thought the atmosphere
 Could cause a sickness anywhere,
 And never heaviest of dew
 Could give a cold, or fever hue.
 The open space—or where trees shade—
 On any spot could couch be made,
 Without a fear of insect's bite,
 The stars to be their only light,
 The old, the young had great delight
 In such home making anywhere
 Tho' even in a wild beast lair.
 Predatory beasts no more
 For CHRIST to each one did restore
 Love's instinct at creation given—
 The such as at The Fall were driven
 Out of their natures by cursed sin!
 Once beasts of prey, now friends of men,
 Obedient at e'en childish call,
 Lions and tigers now great cats
 Which crouched upon the household mats,
 Playmates for children—and nowhere,
 From serpent to the lumbering bear,
 Could one have found a beast of prey.

So when a wanderer thought to lay
 On any place of Earth to sleep
 No vigilance for fear need keep;
 The mountain heights, drear lonesome place,
 Had not for human frowning face
 Of animal, or bird of wing,
 Or insect to torment with sting,
 There was no virus poisoned tooth;
 No tree, shrub, nor a grassy shoot
 To harm the Human—everything
 Blest to JEHOVAH'S fashioning!

Lo, now was dancing purified,
 This healthy pleasure not denied,
 For the contaminating kind
 Was driven from the human mind,
 It was no longer instrument
 To luring vices fell intent
 Of the destruction of sweet girl,
 Most trusting nature had no peril
 For sensuality was thrust
 As serpent 'neath heel in the dust;
 Lasciviousness had here no place,
 No act to bring blush to the face,
 Indo-Egyptian—Grecian dance—
 All so destructive to the glance
 Discarded—now may never be
 One hint of sensuality.
 Now here the human may disclose
 The grace of action—the repose—
 The every act of girls and boys—
 The older—had the graceful poise

Which in each turn showed gracefulness
All healthy human form to bless:
To sound of music instrument
The body swayed, and bowed, and bent,
With glorious modesty of grace
To bring smiles to the human face:
And none too old to join the throng
To dance, to music, and to song,
So many a night on village green
The dancers' feet and grace be seen.

And now the loftiest gifts not sold—
No more enormous prices told
As given to one with gift of song—
In eld rare gifts in Earthly throng—
That country famed did it produce
Rare voice, alas, for rich man's use,
For a King's ransom paid to hear
What rarely heard by poor man's ear.

But now the gifts of song not few,
For in each hamlet dwellers knew
With them some one of wonder voice,
Each hamlet now had surely choice
Of hearing of as sweet a note
As gushed from nightingale's clear throat.

Now many gifted, those who played
On keys or strings, whose fingers strayed
To make of melody a thing
That only to great masters ring.

So song and music to all free
 The gifts of CHRIST for melody
 Used without single thought of price,
 The free gifts, given by all, suffice
 To keep them at a perfect ease
 From care, from worry—none to please
 Of rich men's whims; never came day
 Each feared to be a castaway,
 That poverty may hedge them in—
 Want patronage from richest men.

Nor did long centuries make void—
 Fingers grown stiff—and voice destroyed—
 All gifts Divine, and ne'er withdrawn,
 They feared no night, nor early dawn,
 Would find them of rich gift bereft,
 They in neglected corner left
 As birds bereft of golden wings,
 Nursing dead memoirs of dead things—
 As new gift bringers take their place
 To win renown and public grace.

And here no jarring rival thrust,
 No sneer to sink soul in the dust,
 No jealousy—for with CHRIST's gift
 There seemed to come a grace to lift
 Each honored soul to an accord
 Near to the spirit of OUR LORD!
 So now those gifted souls believe
"More blessed to give than receive!"
 With Heavenly gifts a spirit free
 From thought of animosity—

And never nurse a jealousy :
 In hearts and souls one purpose be
 To render perfect harmony,
 Without a flaw, to human race,
 So ministers from place to place
 Around the world with blessed feet
 Rending to CHRIST great service meet.

Oh sea, O sea, thou art to me
 A boon, desire, a melody,
 To watch thy glory, flowing tide,
 Give happiness that naught beside
 Of Nature can on me bestow ;
 No matter where I stray, or go.
 Thou surely art to me most dear—
 And I would ever more be near,
 To see thee in thy storm and calm,
 To hear the every whispering psalm
 Of water lapping on the shore,
 That, my fond wishing more and more.
 Ah, surely in the Golden Age
 When CHRIST shall cleanse thee of wild rage,
 My holidays, with joy, shall be
 Spent o'er the waters of the sea.

Thy liquid glory—not possess'd
 By curse of sin, but now so blest
 That nothing suffers by thy waves,
 Thy depths no more for seamen's graves ;
 Thy clutch of fury shall not hold
 To crush the valor of most bold,
 So human beings be thy prey

All helpless in thy folds to lay.
 (My earthly thoughts were full of thee,
 I said within my soul: "The sea
 Shall have for me a heritage
 In the long wished for Golden Age.")

Lo, fearlessly I shall go forth
 For hours of happiness, to sport
 Across thy waters day and night,
 Well knowing, that thou dost delight
 To be of service, friend most kind,
 And never treacherous of mind.
 Most careful if a child in boat
 Upon thy mighty waters float,
 For since THE CHRIST came back to reign
 No storms have fretted wide sea main,
 No wreck of vessel, nor of boat,
 With perfect safety all may float
 Fearless of storms, that once had tossed,
 For Centuries no human lost!

As I then of immortal birth—
 The sea be home, as well as earth,
 'Twill make no difference, as HE
 Walk safely—so I on the sea!
 And yet the sea had no dead calm—
 It sometime sang a mighty psalm—
 And wind blew strong, and wave ran high.
 But never temptest from black sky;
 No hurricane with shrieking cries
 In madden furies rush and rise,
 And shatter with a mighty wrath

The ships who lay along its path.
 For high winds (as great minister)
 The deepest waters shake and stir
 To make them pure, not stagnant waste,
 Make fresh and sweet to fish's taste;
 Not let seaweed grow all too rank
 And bar the narrow harbor's bank.
 But now no death, if wild waves rose,
 The sea man now could take repose
 In peaceful slumber, knowing well
 The deepest waters, heaviest swell,
 Could wreck no vessel, nor a boat.
 Like seagulls they on waters float,
 Secure from any danger ill—
 In His hands who bid waves be still!
 Then surely privilege of mine,
 O sea, to seek deep depths of thine
 Where brooding silence hath no foes,
 But almost turgid, dead repose,
 Where pressure gives scant hope of life,
 There free from winds and stormy strife
 Darker than human power can guess—
 Yet here is wondrous loveliness,
 And glories, wanting not the sun
 That vaster glories may be won.
 Such caverns vast—such flight of space—
 Such things of beauty and of grace—
 Sea trees, sea flowers, and weeds aflame
 Of ribbon tresses without name;
 Such hidden wonders e'er CHRIST came
 Were never seen by Human eyes,
 Now ever more all open lies

The sea fields to the Saintly eyes,
 The deepest cavern can explore
 Simple as walking on earth's shore :
 Nor can its lonesomeness make fear,
 The darkest places now appear
 To Risen Saints as plain and clear
 As if the sunshine of bright day,
 For them hath darkness past away.
 Then keen the solitary bliss
 Roving from beauties, that, and this,
 Handling and musing, guessing too
 Of wonders ne'er before to view.
 And may I deem in musing oft',
 Come footsteps—and a voice all soft—
 And with keen joy my senses know
A visitant with me below—
 That ONE is walking by my side—
 Nor to my ignorance denied
 The pleasing exquisite, to find
 The thoughts that hovered in my mind
 The wherefore, why, of curious things,
 HE to mine ears such knowledge brings
 Of wonders lying round our feet
 That perfect joy is more complete,
 And awe creeps like a subtle thing,
 Possesses being, that my KING
 Could in conceiving see detail
 Minutia where men's minds must fail,
 The seeming simple so complex,
 A high Archangel's mind perplex,
 And surely craving mind to vex,
 So varied the machinery

Of simplest creature eye could see:
 And all have missions to set forth,
 No creature made for idle sport,
 But definite the work of it
 A little groove that it must fit—
 Wee link—yet fitting—and so meet
 Without it Nature not complete.

And now no longer did the poles
 Draw magnet like—then fret men souls
 E'er they on North, and South could stand
 Whether ice mound or granite land;
 Men surely paid a sad life toll,
 And many lives on Arctic scroll
 As wasted at a frozen shrine
 That never showed of Love Divine—
 The Pole a Juggernaut of cold
 Who o'er the seamen's bodies roll'd;
 A shrine where groveling seamen lie
 Hunger and hopelessness in eye.
 Cracked, black lips call—but answer none
 From the White Spectre on pole throne.

But now the New Jerusalem
 Scattered the terrors once so grim,
 The Saint's Vast Home in its descent
 The veil of terror from Poles rent,
 Its warm glow upon the Poles
 Awoke to laughter frozen souls—
 Mountains of snow and ice were rent,
 On ice fields winter struck its tent
 And vanished never more to be

The jailor of the flowing sea.
 And Greenland from its fell repose
 Awoke, as if a blossoming rose—
 And green, rich verdure everywhere—
 Nor cormorant's cry on its air—
 But humming birds hung daintily
 O'er flowers that ne'er before eyes see
 Except in tropic country ;
 No longer now chill wind and wave
 For stately trees green housings gave
 For birds, so varied of their kind,
 An aviary where one may find
 The product of each varied clime.
 And nature here blushed to her prime—
 Here fields of corn, and full eared wheat,
 Orchards and vineyards—rare fruits meet—
 All delicate and most replete
 In true perfection—human song
 From many millions—where so long
 In Ages past ice, snow held sway,
 Now semi-tropic night and day.
 (Surely the sea is in my blood
 For many years my forebears stood
 On vessel decks—I, product then
 Of sea roving, sea loving men,
 And in Saint life be little change
 Of Natures, so my love to range
 Comes not amiss in blood of me,)
 And now to wander o'er the sea
 For days, when circumstance permits,
 For mid my duties there come fits
 Of dreaming when on land—the sea

Seems strangely whispering to me—
 So asking leave of Higher Saint
 My soul casts off the land's restraint,
 And I go forth, as merry boy,
 Sea splendors of the World enjoy,
 Where sea hugs continents and isles,
 The tropics with its pearl of skies,
 Where palm and orchard ever smile,
 And nature woos in languorous wile,
 Beauty oppressive weights the eyes.
 And semi-tropic verdure meet—
 For men of statelier, slower feet ;
 To lands of every race I go—
 Sometimes a swift, and sometimes slow,
 Just as the mood is on the brain
 My shallop floats across sea main.

Earth's natures mannerism yet
 As seal is on the Saint's mind set—
 And what on Earth welcomed before,
 Stamp of God's blessing on in yore,
 Now on Saint's soul—but even more—
 For Heaven's Law is Diversity !
 Earth Life—now blossomed full and free
 Cleansed in the flame of purity,
 And so as Risen Saint I find
 Earth Life large factor to the mind.

Sunrise and sunsets on the sea !
 What greater splendor may there be,
 Fancy exultant there may see
 Imagination's subtlety,

Conceiving visions manifold—
Such wonder on the azure screen—
'And each birth moment scarcely seen
'Til each glides to—the once had been!
We oft', on seeming fields of gold,
See, City's turrets, palace, towers,
Meadows and gardens filled with flowers;
Great continents encircling sea
Where scattered, palm clad islands be;
Clouds shaped as human beings are
In pastoral scenes, and mighty War;
Lo, the pursuer and pursued,
Women most fair, men mighty, rude,
And shepherds driving flocks to fold;
Lo, mountain ranges clad in gold,
Valley, foothills, and crowning peak
That of great avalanches speak,
Crevice and precipices steep,
Valley where frozen rivers creep;
All a few minutes palpable,
A grandeur indescribable,
A minute as immovable
Casting on mind a subtle spell,
One minute a reality
In scarce a breathing time to be
A ruin gaunt, and tumbled down
A castle, church, a mighty town,
A minute of delight—and then
A shattered object to the ken,
A minute glorious, strong and real,
A form to clutch, to touch, to feel,
Colored by pigments far more fair

Than any painting may declare,
 Colors so mixed with gracious dyes
 To fascinate, lure painter's eyes,
 Such lights and shadows intertwined
 As never flashed to painter's mind,
 All indescribable by men
 Once flashed and never seen again!
 A wondrous prodigality
 That ne'er two days alike may be,
 As red ball tips in ocean's swell
 In splendors indescribable.
 Perchance, the careless in heart say:
 "Sheer waste, a wantonness display
 Of splendid glory every day."
 But to Believer's heart there clings
 Rapture of Praise to PRINCE OF KINGS
 Who paints Eternal morns and eves
 Grand pictures—love with joy receives.

Lo, now the seasons come and go
 Nor brought to creature want or woe,
 The Seasons like to Kings on throne
 Had each rare blessing of its own.

The Winter came with ermine robe
 Nor brought one terror to the globe,
 But its rich wealth of blessing gave
 O'er mountain, valley and sea wave,
 Sealing as 'twere each spring and spray
 For Winter, Nature's Holiday.

Not now as in the days of yore—

Then poor man paced the hovel floor
With anxious brow—in grief half dumb,
From whence the price of coal to come
To keep the cold and damp away,
Work scant, and far between pay day,
With, ah, so many mouths to feed
All looking to him in their need;
He heard the scratch of hunger's claws
Outside the door—want's wolfish jaws
Were close behind—and sickness strode
A constant guest round that abode;
Ah, but it shook the heart and brain
To hunt for work, and hunt in vain,
To tread the streets for weary days,
Ears heavy with the constant "nays";
Not fearing toil, he strong, alert
And at his workmanship expert—
No idler—with an honest hand—
And yet 'twould seem o'er all the land
No master was in need of him,
The brawn, the brain, the massive limb,
Were useless in this cruel fight—
His footsteps stumbling in life's night—
All seemed to crush him to the dust—
Earth had for him but scanty crust—
His haggard wife, with sickly smile,
Hushing the child who cried the while—
The famished children's wolfish eyes
Followed his steps—he vainly tries
To find some loophole of escape,
But everywhere he saw the shape
Of disappointment in the way—

Trembling, he knew he was the prey
 Of poverty—his girls and boys
 At Christmas tide would have no toys,
 No little gifts to take, to give,
 Why—whence the bread on which to live—
 Their clothing but a ragged mesh
 Through which one saw frostbitten flesh.

Why draw the picture? Now, thank God,
 The poorest man on Earthly sod
 Had house, had coal, had bread, had meat,
 And warm clothes and shodden feet.
 The poorest children laugh to see
 Jack Frost a working busily,
 With tracing needle, on the pane
 Drawing rich fancies from his brain—
 They followed him, with gladsome glee
 O'er mountain top, and vale, and lea,
 As he drew breath so cold and chill
 O'er pond, o'er river—caused the rill
 To hush the story 'twould relate—
 Made ice where boys and girls could skate
 And feel the pulses throb with health—
 For Winter brought a generous wealth
 Of cold to harden human frame,
 Put colds, and chills, and coughs to shame,
 The race was hardy, stalwart, strong,
 A laughing, merry, happy throng
 With muscles strong, red cheeks, bright eyes,
 Who would have laughed in strange surprise
 Had you but hinted sickness may
 From such exposure claim a prey—

Sickness! they knew of no such thing,
 Nor had one fear of suffering;
 Nor did the merry routing cease
 When Northern women plucked their geese
 And let the downy feathers fly
 Southward, soft falling from the sky
 With many a dreamy, airy whirl
 On face of boy and laughing girl.
 E'en manhood lost not dignity
 Once more as laughing boy to be,

Rounded snowball with stealthy grace
 Then flung—when neighbor dodged his face—
 And tried to make a better throw.
 A World of fun when came the snow—
 Sweet women fearlessly and bold
 Thought not of danger from the cold,
 Put by the household cares to spin
 Across the ice with gallant men.

In frost, in cold, in snow to lave,
 What glorious appetites all gave,
 And round the festive board at night
 By the wide hearth—neath brilliant light—
 The wit ran high—the laughter loud—
 For not upon one brow a cloud
 Of any grief, or care, or pain,
 With song and music's magic strain.

All told of hearts without a sorrow
 Who had no fear of the to-morrow;
 The snow a magic blessing fell

O'er mountain, plain, and lea, and dell,
'Twas love that wove the winding sheet
And hushed the Earth to slumbers sweet.

Lo, then came graceful, tender Spring,
A butterfly upon the wing
With such a wondrous tender face
That not on Earth a single place
That could resist her winsome smile,
And it was but a little while
When crocuses from snow arose
Burst to sweet buds from their repose;
And twig, and bush, and tender shoot,
No longer could be silent, mute,
But at the touch of tender Spring
Blushed into glorious blossoming;
The grasses laughed—the hedgerows ran
With nosegays fresh to gladden man—
The wild flowers on the hill, in dell,
At tender touch began to swell,
And daisies, daisies everywhere,
Made for the feet a carpet rare.

Lo, Springtime with a mother's hand
Gathered the song birds of the land,
And taking off their Winter dress
Painted anew in loveliness
With brilliant colors from her loom,
As a fair bride decked by the groom,
The dress in which each bird arrayed
Was perfect color wrought in shade.
And, lo, the lily and the rose

At her sweet whispering arose
And flaunted colors to the eye
That art of man could not outvie.
As weeds and thistles now were dead
In this new World ne'er lifted head,
Lo! flowers, flowers everywhere,
Where weeds before had made their lair,
Now a mad riot and display
Of wondrous colors—and array
Of blooms that whispered to the eye
Of the Sweet Love of HIM on high.
The plower's laugh rang o'er the land,
The horses felt his reining hand
And drove a furrow rich and deep;
The Sower's hand in graceful sweep
Sent broad the seed grains—seeds that fell
In the rich loam, all soon to swell
And burst to shoot and tender blade,
'Till fields with richest green arrayed.
The birds were busy—courting days—
Each in fresh colors all ablaze,
Such pruning of gay feathers when
The cock bird whispered to the hen—
Such tee-a-tee—such glances shy—
Such flying, fluttering far and nigh,
Such songs of Sweeter, richer note
Than ever came from woman's throat;
Such tender ditties—without art
The wide unveiling of the heart,
The oath—the kiss—the chosen place
In lofty tree—and soon apace
One sees how straws and hairs combine

To make a paradise divine ;
Then the first egg—such cause of bliss—
No other birds had such as this—
A thrilling of a sweet delight
That made the Cock Bird day and night
A very valiant, daring knight,
Ready indeed to scold or fight
If any other bird came nigh,
Where Mother bird did nestling lie
And with puffed feathers held her prize
From glance of any envious eyes ;
While he, the husband, every hour
Was doing all things in his power
To get for her most dainty fare
Of tenderest shoots, berry and grain,
No flight too long, no toil in vain,
If he served her a dainty dish
And knew she had her every wish ;
And then the squeak—the breaking egg—
The shapeless mass that seemed all leg—
But it was theirs, and in their eyes
A thing to cherish, love and prize.
And soon the mother had such care
As had not mother anywhere,
Such cooing, petting, scolding too,
As popping heads would come to view
From under feathers just to see
What kind of place the World may be ;
And the proud Father—ah, poor man
He hopped, he skipped, he flew, he ran,
To gain his birdies something sweet,
For birds will grow, and birds will eat,

And sure it puzzles his wee brain—
 Where he can find of shoots and grain
 To fill the mouths that grow more wide—
 For such large family provide.
 O happy birds!—and happier men
 Who plow and sow—all sure to win
 A golden harvest for their toil—
 A rich reward from generous soil—
 So that without a single doubt
 But that their ears will hear the shout
 Of gladness when the reaper's hand
 Wax faint from richness of the land.
 The smell from vineyard's slopes is sweet,
 Where kindly pruning knife was fleet
 To cut the tendrils too profuse,
 To give a chance for sunny juice
 To swell remaining grapes to size
 That make a wonder to the eyes.
 Well knows indeed the husbandman
 His toil will be no flash-in-pan,
 But the rich luscious grapes will be
 A load of thankfulness to see,
 And treaders of the grapes shall sing
 Of joy at such an offering,
 While from the press the wine flows free
 A purple flood—sweet smelling sea.

High out of sight, upon the wing,
 The happy lark is carolling
 A song of praise at Heaven's gate,
 And in voluptuous notes relate
 The joy of a humanity

From sickness, sin and sorrow free.
 The uplands e'en the forests glad,
 Each tree in rustling leaves was clad;
 And when leaves shivered on the trees
 Stirred by the music of the breeze
 The ear may catch a song of praise
 From every leaf—for such rare days,
 Where never comes tornado's breath
 To warp, and crash, and scatter death,
 In a wild madness of dismay—
 But now 'tis Nature's Holiday
 Of glorious living, when the leaves
 Are calling to the coming sheaves.

Strong Summer glorious in its strength
 Through all the World his magic sent,
 And to perfection full and free
 Brought field, and bush, and bending tree—
 A rich profusion everywhere—
 A cry of Gladness in the air—
 Life—Life—Life!—Life was surely King!
 A pulse of joy in everything—
 The swinging of an ocean vast
 That on its glorious bosom cast
 The treasures of the depth below—
 A treasure trove it would bestow
 To men without the sweat of toil—
 An unexpected wealth of spoil
 Which filled the gazers with glad glee
 As riches from a boundless sea.

For there was rest to Tiller's hand

When drowsy heat hung o'er the land
 Whispering to vineyard, and to field,
 To give unstinted wealth of yield;
 For now when men had done their part—
 THE CHRIST from HIS outflowing heart
Spoke to the Earth—it heard HIS voice—
 And in rich plenty did rejoice—
 So that a blessing in the air—
 And plenty—plenty, everywhere!
 The reaper laughed, and leaped in glee,
 Nature's magnificence to see,
For Nature hearing from her God
 Made fruitful every foot of sod,
 From every seed an hundred fold—
 And Cattle herd, and shepherd's fold—
 Had a great multiply of gain—
 Flocks bringing forth without a pain;
 While in the River, and the Sea,
 Fish multiplied exceedingly—
 All things rejoicing—all things be
 The servants of humanity!

And then the Autumn, stately dame,
 With cheeks of roses, portly frame,
 With eyes ablaze with purple light
 Gathered from vineyard's sunny height,
 Where plucking maidens are a singing
 To stalwart youths, who now are bringing
 The clusters—marvelous rare—
 So large, so luscious—to compare
 The grapes of old to these so vain—
 One cluster load for any swain.

Lo, Autumn in her apron bore
 Most glorious fruits for Winter's store,
 The aroma so rich to smell,
 And of the kinds 'twere vain to tell—
 Our old time fruits—but, ah, the new
 That in old times men never knew;
 For now the Earth as if in sport
 Of lavish splendor brought her forth
 A thousand dainties to surprise
 With luscious taste—to gladden eyes.
 Rare Autumn, like a Queen in state,
 Had only triumph to relate,
 Her trophies won by Tiller's hand,
 So as she moved across the land
 Was loud rejoicing, songs and glee,
 And pipes of reeds for minstrelsy,
 On every lip a song of praise,
 For CHRIST had in ten thousand ways
 Shown of HIS love to all mankind!
 Seek, prying Eyes! ye cannot find
 A house that had not on its floor
 For Winter's needs a royal store!

A Royal plenty—yet no waste—
 For Gluttony to gorge and taste,
 But just enough and nothing more.
 Saint's master mind had counted o'er
 The want of every living thing
 Of man, of beast, of bird on wing,
 And told the Earth how much to yield
 In Vineyard, orchard and in field—
 No more—no less—'twas passing strange—

Demand—supply—stood without change
 Since the first year The Pierced Hand
 Was seen by man to bless the land.
 Lo, Risen Saints then figured out
 The wants of every open mouth—
 THE CHRIST in blessing gave such food
 And every heart proclaimed it good!
 And then at last the words of old
 By Psalmist writ, proved word of gold:
*How HE would open wide His hand
 For every creature in the land—
 All living things that to HIM cried
 Would by His hands be satisfied!*

O Happy Earth, Oh, Golden Age!
 That know no human wrong, nor rage
 Of foeman, and no hate nor strife,
 But a clear, calm and blessed life
 Untinged by sadness, want and woes,
 Humanity sweeps on—it knows
 No rocks to break its grand repose—
 But in the Light of CHRIST it flows—
 To meet a gracious, stormless sea,
 Love's Ocean in Eternity!

And now no difference in toil—
 The one who plowed and sowed the soil
 As honorable as the one
 The cares of State were laid upon:
 The artist, and the artisan,
 The brain who first conceived the plan,
 No greater than the hand who wrought

In wood, stone, steel, the dreamer's thought!
 As nobler birth, the power of place,
 No longer held the human race,
 In fact The Greater Servant he
 Whose brain conceived what was to be
 Completed by the brawny hand,
 And if one held a high command
 It was a servant to the rest—
 The many of his labor blest—
 But man as man had right that none,
 Be he a King upon a throne,
 Could dare deny, or put aside,
 All equal to THE CRUCIFIED!
 Not but to some high gifts were given
 In trust for men—The Gifts of Heaven—
 One dare not use for selfish gain—
 He who the High Gift did obtain
 Knew it was given a Holy trust
 Not to win power, nor gold, nor lust,
 But for the service of mankind!

And now indeed the human mind
 Unfettered—oft' in former age
 Man victim of Satanic rage,
 His God given gifts could not display
 In circumscribed and narrow way,
 Sin's Influence was everywhere,
 Man breathed it in every air,
 A subtle poison which unnerved
 And from high purposes it swerved,
 Oft' turned to narrow vicious ways,
 What should have won God's highest praise;

Sickness and sorrow oft' made rife
 Of the high purposes of Life—
 Marred the great plans that thronged the brain—
 And when it seemed he may attain
 His Great Ambition—Death drew nigh—
 Drew down the lid o'er flashing eye—
 Breathing decay upon the cheek—
 Taking the work from fingers weak—
 Just as it neared the grand success
 Pressed to the soul the bitterness
 Of failure—that all men must see—
 A Life misshapen utterly !
 And Labor now was surely King,
 Ungrudgingly did each one bring
 His meed of service—one and all
 Alert to listen to the call—
 With gladsome heart and ready hands—
 This was The Blessing of all Lands.

For man had loftier, wider scope
 For daily toil—inspired by Hope
 Each knew fruition surely won
 When Honest Toil, Labor, were done.
 Each knew the Law of CHRIST was just—
 And none by sinful greed and lust
 Could of the humblest one make spoil,
 Nor rob the simplest of their toil ;
 The Law of CHRIST was amply free
 From narrow bounds, and liberty
 Of action given to every man
 To carry out a business plan
 Employing labor not his own,

Free will of Labor not o'erthrown;
But parsimony dare not lay
A heavier load for lesser pay
Than Love would give in recompense;
CHRIST left it largely to men's sense
What Labor worth—and tried to make
The Human for the human sake
Men act in love—let Love decide—
But if the weakest to HIM cried
Of an injustice—quick as thought
A Risen Saint that Master sought
And heard complaint, and heard defense,
Nor judgment held in long suspense—
Quick as a flash the judgment came
To put Wrong Doer to the shame!
For the Judge read the human mind—
Nor to the hearing was confined—
To put his fingers on the truth
And ever more the culprit mute—
He dare not 'gainst that Judge gainsay
But paid the debt and shrank away.
Not always labor in the right
For in The Righteous Judge's sight
No party had advantage ground,
The poor man's plea an empty sound
Unless allied to Righteous cause,
The condemnation, nor applause,
Of any Being had no force
To make this Judge swerve from his course—
The Truth—and nothing but The Truth—
'Twas Justice Supreme—absolute!

If oft' admonished of a crime
 And warnings given from time to time
 Fell on dull ears, and slow the heart,
 From secret evil to depart,
 If Risen Saint but pled in vain,
 And foolishness would not refrain
 From open, or from secret sin,
 Despising Saint who tried to win
 The Sinner from his bitter ways—
 Then surely shortened such one's days!
 As lightning quickly blasts a tree
 So CHRIST smote such adversary—
 A thing obnoxious from His path;
 None now must dare THE CHRISTLY wrath
 CHRIST and CHRIST's Laws supreme alone
 For beggar and for King on throne,
 None may despise a single thing
 Of word once uttered by THE KING.
 Righteous and Holy every law—
 The stubborn who would pick a flaw
 Or dare put forward any plea,
 That CHRIST curtailed his liberty,
 Was not allowed a froward speech
 AS THE ALL BLESSED ONE to teach:
 Love pled with such, and mercy sweet
 Would fain win back the erring feet
 Set on destruction—yet if pride
 Cast loving counselling aside,
 Then swift the sentence, and such face
 Was blotted from the human race.
 Hypocrisy indeed was vain
 If openly a one would feign

Bow down in reverence—with sin
 Still rampant in each wish within—
 And only lips THE CHRIST applaud,
 CHRIST's justice lingered not, but fell
 In plague, blight, fell and terrible.


Sing out, O Love, in rapturous strain
 Faith did not sing and wait in vain,
 For all that Prophets loved to tell!
 That, what men dreamed impossible,
 Stands gracious Fact before the sight!
 The Prophets in their highest flight
 But faint conception of the things
 That HE would bring—THE PRINCE OF KINGS!—
 The Glory that would never pall—
 As free as light and air to all—
 To bless the earth—and Love's glad eyes
 Look everywhere with strange surprise
 That Earth can be so beautiful!
 As like to golden Chalice full
 Of simple, yet of deep delight,
 To woo the heart, and ravish sight!
 Lo, Glory bursting everywhere
 On Sea, on Land, in Upper Air,
 Man's words all helpless to express
 The splendor of Earth's Loveliness!

Lo, reapt are now the golden sheaves,
 And autumn's colors on the leaves,
 A scent of plenty on the air,
 A Blessed Harvest everywhere!
 Go, where you will o'er all the Earth

You hear glad reapers' songs of mirth,
 Go where you will the whole World round
 And not one spot of all the ground
 But gave its harvest richly fair—
 Lo, not one barren spot is there—
 Even the mountains give their toll
 To cheer men's heart, and eyes, and soul.
 Plenty was riot—plenty ran free
 With grand gifts for humanity,
 And scattered as with wanton hand
 Her glories free in every land.
 The poorest—nay, no poor ones now—
 No lines from want on any brow—
 "The richest"—"poorest"—idle words—
 Why cattle, creeping things, and birds,
 Had winnowed grain—and fruit to eat—
 The luxuries of earth for all—
 Not one need on another call
 For any boon of bit or sup,
 Filled was the platter, and the cup,
 A store of good things—ne'er to fail
 In house of Hamlet and of Vale,
 What masters once may crave to own
 From flock, from sea—what in ground grown—
 Bulk on the table—all to bless—
 In food all equal—and no less.

The Feast of Tabernacles then,
 No matter where the haunts of men
 A Universal Holiday,
 Toil's, Labor's tools were put away—
 And every Gentile celebrate

This Feast—the Jew to emulate—
In joyful gladness and of Praise
Through Feast of Tabernacle days.
The woods were sought with eager throngs,
The woods resounded happy songs,
As men and women, youths and maids,
Made on the branches friendly raids,
And hacked, and hewed, and smote with knife
In mimic warfare, friendly strife,
The goodliest, greatest branch to gain;
And loud indeed the praise to swain
Who brought the grandest home with him,
But never scowls nor faces grim,
To hail the winner of such prize—
And often such won maiden's eyes—
And she with blushing face confessed
The throb of love within her breast
Won by the daring of the deed.
And yet no cause for not a need
Of jealousy—for every bough
And branch was almost perfect now,
For no misshapen trunk or branch,
All fit for supports, strong and stanch.
And then when shades of evening fell
Hosts came from mountain, woody dell,
With green leafed plunder—merrily
With lute and flute—and instruments
Of every kind—the eye may see,
Aye, as one heart to all intents
They marched—the maiden and the youth—
There march the girls and the boys—
Manhood and womanhood in sooth



Most happy in these winsome joys—
 And little tots on branches borne—
 So from the woods with song and horn
 To village green—wide ample space
 To celebrate this feast (this place
 When village built was set apart
 The clustering houses round its heart.)
 And then the building—such gay scene
 In olden time had never been—
 Each household built booth of its own,
 Yet not a booth but open thrown
 For any passerby to stay
 And keep this happy holiday.
 And when the booths were all complete
 Each household went with joyful feet—
 Forsaking house—in booth to dwell.
 And surely words grown faint to tell
 The perfect Peace, the perfect joy
 Of man and woman, girl and boy,
 And stranger resting at the gate.
 From peep of sun—to hours all late—
 'Twas dancing, singing, eating, drinking,
 For every heart with such was linking
 True Praise to HIM whose Blessing hand
 Had poured rich plenty in the land.

Desire of heart in every land
 In City of THE LORD to stand
 During the Tabernacle Feast,
 Free to the highest and the least,
 All met one welcome true and kind,
 The Kings no better welcome find

Than that given ones of low degree;
 But as it were impossible
 For all to go at once—there dwell
 During The Feast—by fair rotation
 A certain number of each Nation,
 Where e'er humanity may be
 A number chosen every year
 That they before THE LORD appear
 At Temple in Jerusalem—
 Each in their turn—so all may see
 THE LORD OF GLORY'S ROYALTY!
 And see the House of flashing gem
 And stately Courts—to see the place
 Where JESUS CHRIST with all the Race
 Met, greeted, so blest, face to face—
 So in a lifetime every one
 On Earth—His glory looked upon!

Who goeth to the Royal Feast?
 Of all Humanity—the least
 As well as greatest passage free,
 THE LORD CHRIST on the Earth to see,
 The Feast of Tabernacles, when
 Great crowds of children, women, men,
 With faces glad—with hearts of mirth—
 From the four corners of the Earth
 Had passage free to Israel's land,
 To clasp THE LORD CHRIST's pierced hand.
 But, oh, it was grand sight to see
 The gay ships gliding o'er the sea
 From every Continent and Isle—
 Such happy laughter, joke and smile,

Without one fretting word to jar
Nor harsh word pleasure time to mar.
For every year, of every race
A number went to Holy Place
As Nation's Representative,
To do CHRIST honor, and to give
Their gifts of mine, of field, of loom.

For now no storm to cast a gloom
And no disaster now may be—
Ships sailed on tranquil summer sea.
And as ships neared the Pleasant Land,
And numbers came more near to hand,
There was a Royal rivalry
As which the most bedecked would be
With flags, and flowers, and colored lights,
Surely most pleasant were the nights.
As ships a nearing to the port,
For the close ships could converse court,
Gay visiting from ship to ship;
And often song sprang on a lip
Took up by the ship's company,
'Til ship to ship across the sea
The same song by a million sung—
A song of Praise from tongue to tongue,
As if sweet burst of thunder heard,
Voices attuned, like carolling bird,
Of voices resonant and clear—
A Rapture Dream upon the ear!

And is it wrong to understand
That as ships neared the Holy Land

Their course was slacken, so first sight
 Of land would come at fall of night,
 For all desired that then at first
 The scene of Glory on them burst,
 Magnificence without a flaw,
 Rapture in each heart as they saw—
 The Temple's Glory all ablaze
 From great towers to foundation stones—
 One blaze of many colored tones,
 And then, with bated breath, to gaze
 On Glory Cloud on Zion's height
 Pillar of flame in hours of night.

A wondrous vision to the eye—
 And then to see above the head
 Sapphire foundation vast, outspread,
 The Dwelling House not made by hand
 All beautiful by CHRIST's command,
 Made by HIS Love for HIS own Bride,
 There Risen Saints with HIM abide.
 And if one listen could then hear,
 Faint as a zither to the ear,
 The harpers harping their delight
 To see THE LAMB before their sight.

And then at morn the landing quay
 Glad service met—and no delay—
 And all in mood at once to stray
 To orchards on the River's brink
 The fruits to pluck—the water drink
 Of River born on Zion's height;
 This far-famed fruit before their sight
 On trees that always fruitage had

To make the mouth of Human glad,
The wonderful and gracious kind
One nowhere else on Earth could find
Except where Living Waters flowed—
The wondrous gift by CHRIST bestowed
So freely ; that if millions eat
Never could come the searching feet.
And disappointment only meet—
For ever was an ample store
To feed the millions—none deplore
That trees were empty of ripe fruit.
And this too was a wondrous truth,
Changing each month, throughout the year,
Twelve various fruitages appear—
Just quite enough—and none to waste—
And never one had other taste
Than rich deliciousness ; and then
For healing children, women, men
The leaves for medicine—to cure
Of all diseases—none endure
The slightest ill if a leaf given—
Surely the trees a gift from Heaven.

And then through far extended land,
With laughter, was the plucking hand
Of boughs and branches from the trees,
And songs and voices on the breeze
Proclaimed a mighty multitude
Did on the forest-woods intrude—
Branches of olive, myrtle, pine,
Palm and thick trees—to intertwine
To make green booths in field and street.
The bringing home time surely sweet

For youths and maidens all aglow
 With health and cheer—aye, all bestow
 The best of service booths to rear,
 A friendly rivalry was there
 To see whose booth be called most fair.
 It surely was a gladsome land—
 No stranger now, the welcoming hand
 Of dwellers stretched strangers to greet,
 Strangers as if old friends did meet,
 All strangers now were guests indeed,
 And every wish and every need
 Of lodging, eating—bounty free—
 No inn in all the land to see—
 Free fare of everything the best—
 Places in booth to sleep and rest.
 A Land o'er bubbling with its joy—
 No act or word that would annoy,
 And songs of praises never mute.
 And music—trumpet, harp and lute,
 And instruments of every kind—
 Played of the reed, and of the wind—
 Was music somewhere far and near—
 E'en in the night hours one may hear,
 For youth could go with little sleep,
 Tho' none had vigils here to keep.
 No danger lurked to make a wrong,
 And so it seemed that joyful song
 Was never silent, in sweet lays,
 Through week of Tabernacle Days.

And then the Glory of Great Day—
 When yet e'er night had flown away,
 (Tho' surely on this Glorious Place

The Light did ever night efface,)
 The multitude awake full soon—
 For e'er the coming of the noon
 From the Grand Palace in high place
 THE CHRIST would come to show HIS face
 To every Tribe—and every Race—
 Who came afar to Pleasant land—
 And e'en the humblest touch HIS hand.

Surely in silent, Holy awe,
 The downward coming all men saw;
 First came HIS Royal Retinue—
 HIS Harpers—they the chosen band
 From every Tribe, from every Land,
 Who had been in the Earth Life true—
 In many ages were their birth—
 These were the first fruits of the Earth,
 These were as virgins undefiled
 Who never knew a wife, nor child,
 Thousands, an hundred, forty and four,
 To follow HIM, with songs adore
 With harp, for praising instrument,
 Wherever THE LAMB's footsteps went;
 Of all the millions round HIS throne
 None sang their song, but they alone.
 Ah, surely their melodious strain,
 With harp strings sounding the refrain,
 Was bliss ineffable to hear,
 Haunting forever listening ear.
 And HE, the centering of all eyes,
 As simple man, adown the skies,
 With simple mantle, such as HE
 Had worn, perchance, in Gallilee.

But, ah, the grandeur of that face—
 The Kingly figure—sweetest grace—
 An eye flushed with such love and cheer
 That of HIM none had any fear.
 Yet none dared but have reverence,
 Respect profound, and all intense,
 Tho' love was beaming from HIS eye
 No tripping trespassers drew nigh,
 They knew of flesh—but THE DIVINE
In form, in attitude did shine,
 They knew a gulf 'twixt they and HIM,
 Tho' simple dress, no diadem;
Behold, THE GREAT CREATOR there—
And great archangels do declare
HIS MIGHTY Worth in reverence!
 Then Mortal surely little sense
 To dare presume in anything
 Of flippancy before THE KING,
 And now all feel a Holy awe—
 In heart they worshiped as they saw
 Their KING—but, O THE CRUCIFIED!
Who shed HIS Blood and on Cross died
That they tho' sinners fit to meet
In love and peace this day to greet.
 They stood here Brethren, not as slaves,
 His heart their best affection craves—
 The highest Angel from above
 Could never give a Greater Love—
 Than now HE wishes to bestow—
 HE wants each heart HIS Love to know—
 Surely all hearts had tenderness—
As Pierced Hand held up to Bless.

THE END.

